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Provisionally Patented No 14117/22

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Special Features of "Krect" Brassiere—

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108

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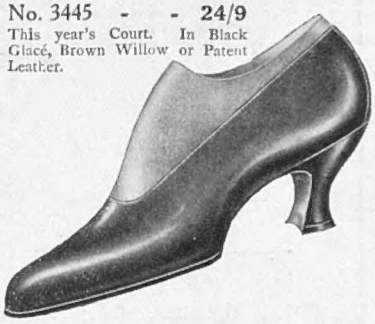
This year's Court. In Black Glacé, Brown Willow or Patent Leather.



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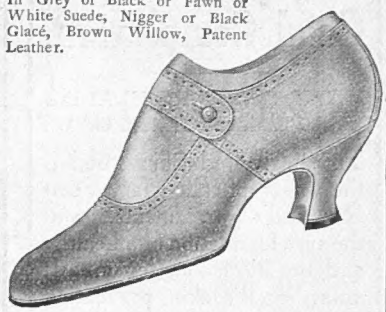

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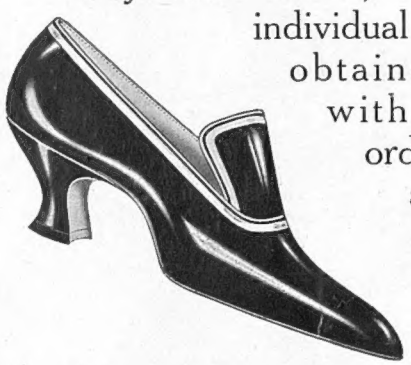

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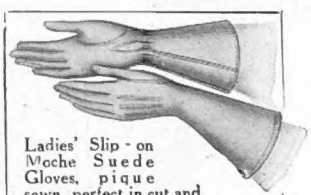

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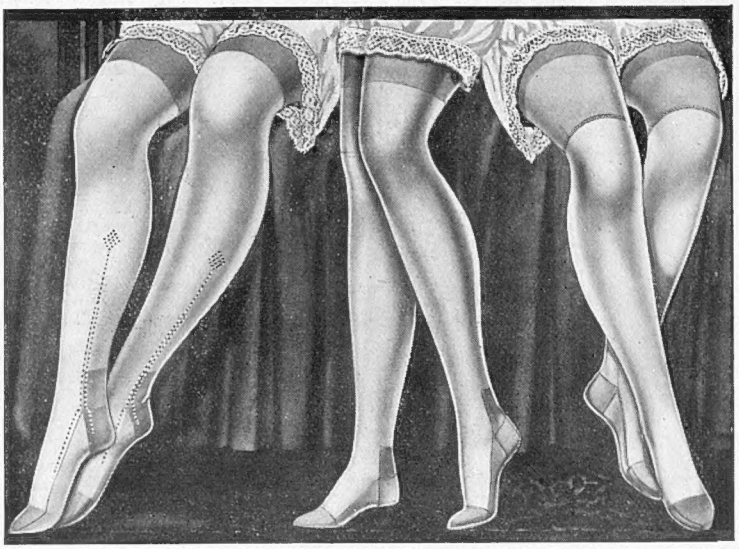

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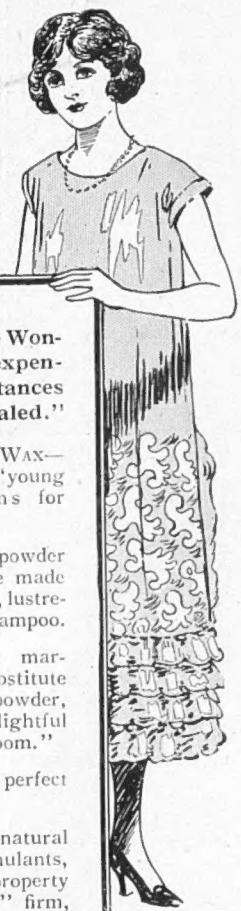

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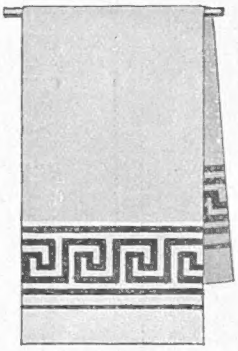

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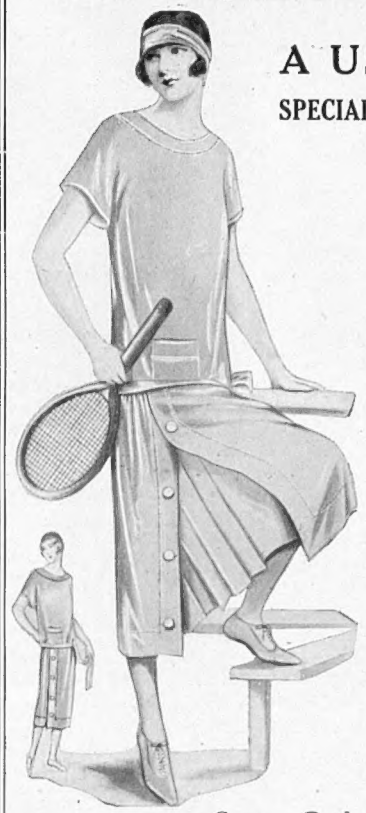

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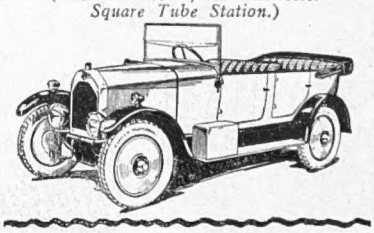

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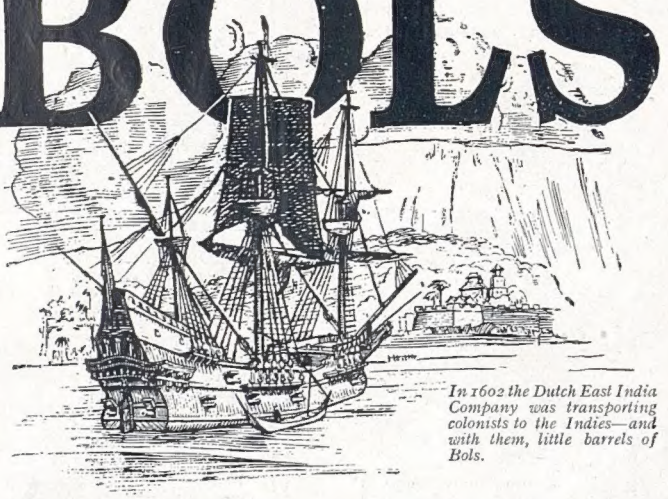
BOLS



In 1602 the Dutch East India Company was transporting colonists to the Indies—and with them, little barrels of Bols.

THE wooden ship has passed, but still we have some of the good things of olden times; Bols, for instance—meaning fine spirits and liqueurs like those which Lucas Bols distilled at Amsterdam in 1575.

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The Bystander, April 15, 1925 No. 1115. Vol. LXXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

Hay Wrightson

MISS EVELYN CLIFFORD

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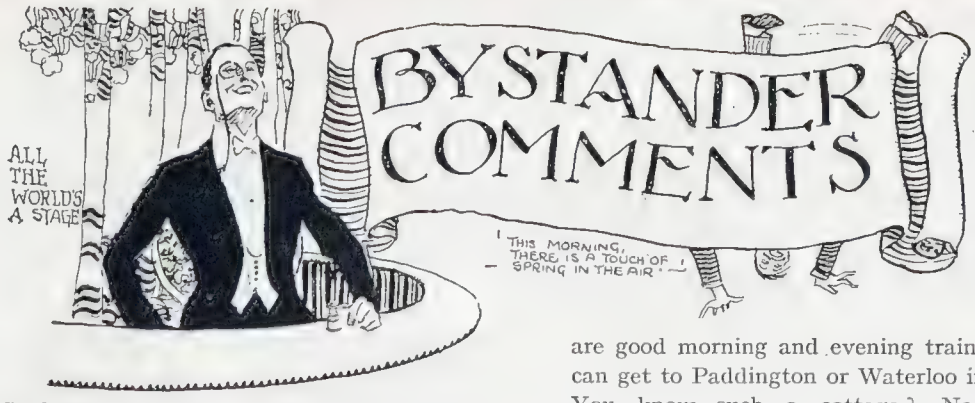
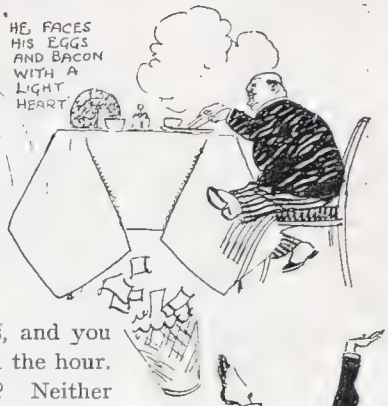
In Enterprise of (City) Marshal kind . . .

BY E. T. REED

A less exacting standard of physical beauty and of horsemanship might very well produce a result more interesting to the crowd, *certainly* more *amusing*, and more in keeping with the general standard of loveliness in the City





Spring!

THIS morning there is a touch of spring in the air and the sun is shining. Think of it! After hibernating in the place where the flies go, Old Sol has really poked his rubicund face above the London County Council Hall, and the poor old cracked Dome of St. Paul's is tinged with gold. What does all this portend? Listen!

The Master of the House

IN thousands of English and Scottish homes the Master of the House forgets that he is suffering from the after-effects of influenza, and he faces his eggs and bacon with a light heart. He remembers to go back and kiss his wife after he has passed the garden gate, and she, poor soul, is so surprised that she forgets to grumble at the new servant for breaking the butter-dish. The Master of the House actually whistles on his way to the station, and though the composer of "Tea for Two" wouldn't recognise the tune, the M.O.H. has no doubt in his mind that he is doing full and complete justice to that particular masterpiece.

We Want To Be Happy

OF course, we aren't out of the wood yet, but these first wavering efforts of spring mean more to our germ-ridden, frost-bitten race than we are ever likely to realise. For the first time since last summer we all want to be happy, and as the wish is father to the thought, we end up by thinking that we are much happier than we really are. Don't think I'm trying to be epigrammatic. These laboured efforts of a sick and sorrowful scribe are the nearest I can get to a song of thanksgiving for the unaccustomed sunbeams that are dancing in the Strand.

That Country Cottage

AND now for that country cottage; the one with honeysuckle over the porch and roses over the rest of it. A house of deep thatch, with long, low windows and a dark, cool hall in which to sleep during the heat of the day. It lies two miles from the station, but the short cut across the fields halves the distance. There are good morning and evening trains, and you can get to Paddington or Waterloo in the hour. You know such a cottage? No? Neither do I!

Horse or Dragon?

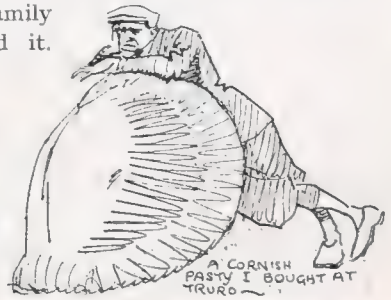
MY reference to Cissbury Hill has given a Birmingham reader the impression that I am an authority on such ancient landmarks. He asks me if it is true that the White Horse of Uffington is not a horse at all, but a dragon. He asks me further if it was cut in the turf long before King Alfred burned the cakes at Kingston Lisle and defeated the Danes on the neighbouring hill. Alas! I cannot answer these riddles, and, what is more, I wouldn't if I could, for the old countryside tradition is good enough for me, and the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* is a sufficient authority for my humble needs.

Talk of the Devil

IT is so easy and so futile to explode the cherished traditions of the countryside. There are people living in Cornwall who believe that when the Devil flew over Helston he was fleeing from a particular saint who had decided to capture him and put him into a Cornish pasty. The only proof I have had of this was a pasty I bought at Truro, about which there still hung the cinders and the brimstone of the legend. Undoubtedly, it was of great age, but I am retaining an open mind on the matter, and if, as may well be, I find myself in Helston when the "Furry Dance" is held, I shall dance it with decorum and—without prejudice.

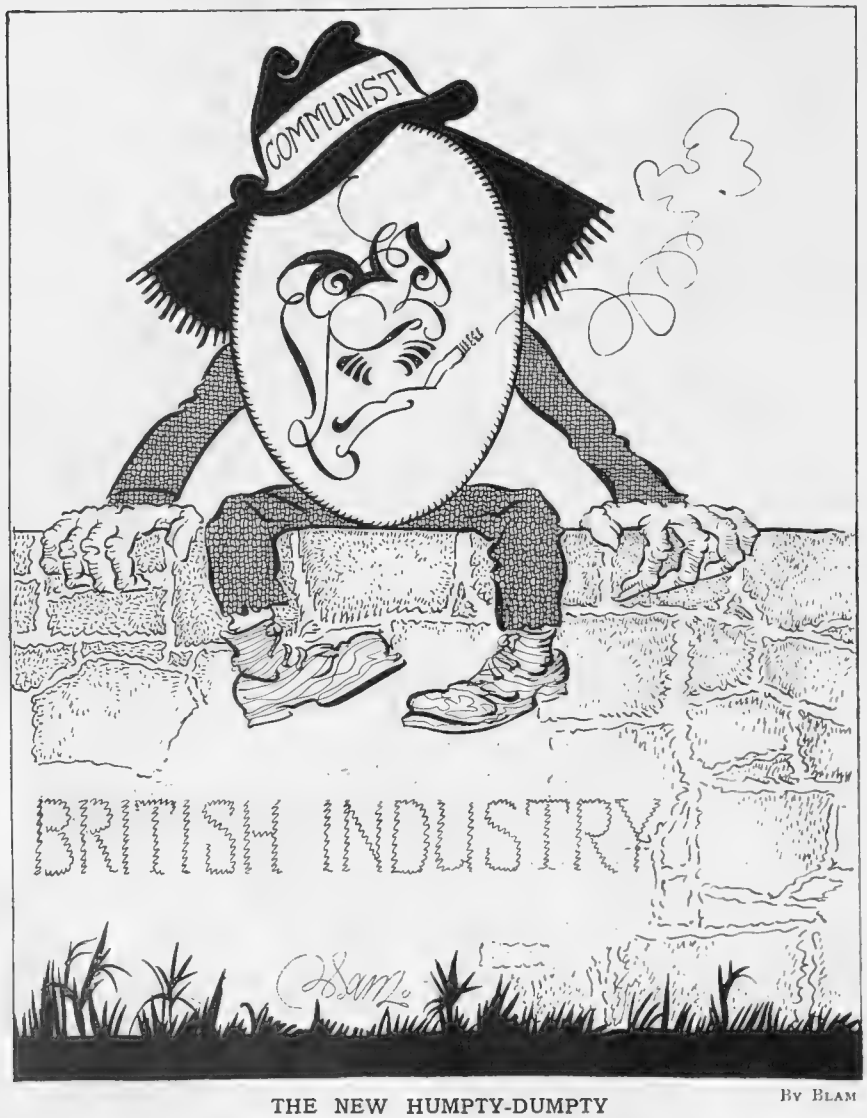
All Hale!

LAST night, if the programme held good, the umpteenth edition of *The Punch Bowl* was staged at the Duke of York's, with Robert Hale in the leading rôles. I don't know what the critics have said about the burlesque of *No, No, Nanette*, but I shall be grievously disappointed if the verdict is not favourable, for I saw this jolly spoof in the making, and the spirit of the performers was all that the spirit of burlesque should be. It was a family affair in which all the Hales figured, and if there is a happier family in London I have got to find it.



The Inevitable Reaction

THE tide seems to have turned against the sex play—not on prudish or puritanical grounds, but because we can have too much of a thing, good or bad. The inevitable reaction is coming, and managers have the opportunity to get in on the ground floor of the new boom. Shall I tell you what will happen? The public will, as usual, give the managers their marching orders. In one week there will be an unexpected failure and an unexpected success, the former being the sort of thing the public are sick of, and the latter the sort of thing they want to see. After that, the rest will be plain sailing.



THE NEW HUMPTY-DUMPTY By Blam

The Difficult Period

THE boys are home again, and the problem of entertaining these ardent young souls occupies our waking hours. Easter is a difficult period, for football has lost its glamour and cricket is not yet. Furthermore, the theatres do not help us greatly, for instead of *Treasure Island* we have *The Vortex*, and *Spring Cleaning* has superseded *Alf's Button* and *When Knights Were Bold*. As a result, the cinemas find themselves full to overflowing, and youngsters are absorbing richly pictorial effects and ridiculous rubbish with the happy *abandon* of non-critical youth.

On My Black List

ARE the cinemas bad for our boys? Undoubtedly! I don't suggest that robbery and crimes of violence will increase or that the sheriff's daughter will be carried away on a fiery mustang. Things are much worse than that. The cinema is on my black list because it is merely a feeble substitute for better things. It is the modern antidote to the boredom of the home—a lesser of two evils—a line of least resistance—a mighty orgy of occasional interest and all too frequent futility. A visit to a theatre is an event—the definite fulfilment of a definite desire; but the cinema represents merely a habit and a rather silly habit at that.

A Hard Saying

THERE is a stock American story which is told with the avowed object of discovering whether the hearer possesses a sense of humour. If he laughs on the instant, he is passed by the examiner, but if he waits for further explanations he is a poor fish. Something similar occurred the other afternoon at the club when a famous author told a famous musician that he lacked literary taste because he failed to appreciate *The Constant Nymph*. This is surely a hard saying, and I was not surprised that the musician got hot under the collar. I know a critic of undoubted credentials who hates Dickens; another who thinks that Michael Arlen is a quack and a third who is frankly bored by *Babbitt*. But can we safely assume that these three gentlemen are lacking in literary taste? I hope not, for I happen to agree with two of them.

The Large Blue—

IF you happen to have six guineas lying idle, and if you are interested in nature study, go quickly to a bookseller and buy F. W. Frohawk's *Natural History of British Butterflies*. In this great work you will find the true and authentic story of the Large Blue, which reads like a romance, and is as exciting as an American crook play. The characters are a newly-hatched caterpillar and a black ant and the story told by Mr. Frohawk proves to be as tall a tale as that of any angler I have ever met. Also, it is truer—a fact which adds considerably to its interest.

—And the Black Ant

HERE then is the story of the Large Blue. She was known to lay her eggs on wild thyme, and on this wild thyme the young caterpillar was known to feed. But what happened to the caterpillar when the time came for it to work out its destiny and become a Large Blue? Nobody could tell, and it was years before the secret was discovered by the author, who happened to witness a meeting between such a caterpillar and a black ant. The ant, apparently, conceived an affection for the caterpillar and carried it away to its nest, where it was carefully tended until it passed into the chrysalis stage.

Rumour In Retrospect

SO many rumours are floating round concerning last year's British Empire Exhibition that it is to be hoped the authorities will definitely clear the air before starting on their new publicity campaign. Otherwise, we shall spend the summer with speculations on the past rather than with healthy curiosity as to the current show, with which, at the moment, no one seems to be concerned. Quite apart from the more debateable matters raised by Sir Alfred Butt, it would be wise to relieve our curiosity on many minor points, and I hope the first statement issued by the official press agent will be retrospective in character.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

SOME NEW STARS IN A FILM FIRMAMENT *G.P.U.*

Miss Betty Balfour with some distinguished if inexperienced members of a "crowd" in the new film with a quite impersonal title, "Satan's Sister." The "crowd" consists in this case of a number of members of the recent Empire Delegation who, by some happy stroke of fortune, were fellow passengers with Miss Betty Balfour on their trip to Jamaica, and of some society "well-knowns" who were on the same boat. Our picture shows, standing: Lady Spicer (left), the Earl of Stafford, Major Edmondson, M.P., Miss Betty Balfour, Lord Lamington, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Ammon. Seated: Lady Stafford, her two daughters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Mary Byng, and Lady Lamington (in black)

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Easter Exodus

ACCORDING to all accounts, Mr. Winston Churchill was the only Cabinet Minister who was busy during the Easter holiday. Report has it that he was immersed in figures at his Westerham house, seeing what he could do for the really deserving poor by reducing the income tax. Report, we know, is generally a lying jade, but what a blessed "Easter egg" a reduction of income tax would be.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire spent their Easter in Ireland, as also did Lord and Lady Londonderry, after a brief visit to Rome, where their son, Lord Castlereagh, is an attaché at our Embassy—an interesting break with the Londonderry tradition which has always been the Army and Parliament.

Countess Fitzwilliam went to Wentworth Woodhouse, the vast Fitzwilliam place near Rotherham, on the day that the engagement of her third daughter, Lady Donatia Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, to Colonel Gething, Lord Fitzwilliam's private secretary, was announced. Lady Fitzwilliam's eldest daughter married Viscount Carlton, the Earl of Wharncliffe's heir, seven years ago.

The Earl and Countess of March went to Gordon Castle, Fochabers, not so much for Easter as for the presentations which were made by tenants and employees on the Duke of Richmond's Scottish estates to their son, Lord Settrington, on his coming of age.

A good many people dashed abroad, particularly Parliamentary folk, and the Riviera received more visitors than it lost by the gradual return to England during the past few weeks.

AT IRELAND'S "R.A." *Central News*

The Governor-General of the Irish Free State, Mr. T. Healy, with his daughter Mrs. Sullivan, arriving from Viceregal Lodge for the opening of the Royal Hibernian Academy's annual exhibition at the Dublin Metropolitan School of Art

At Taormina

THE King and Queen lunched with one of their oldest and most devoted servants when they visited Taormina. Their host, Sir Alexander Nelson Hood, uncle of the present Viscount Bridport, was Comptroller for many years to the late Duchess of Teck. He has known the Queen since her girlhood. When she became Princess of Wales, Sir Alexander was appointed her private secretary; when she became Queen, he was her Treasurer until five years ago.

In England Sir Alexander is the son of a viscount, and a knight by virtue of his K.C.V.O. In Sicily he is a Duke—the Duke of Bronté. He is descended from Lord Nelson, upon whom King Ferdinand of Naples conferred the Dukedom of Bronté with the estate and castle of Maniace on the slopes of Mount Etna. In Italy and Sicily some estates carry a title with them. This is the case with the Maniace property. It was left to Sir Alexander by his father, and automatically, in Sicily,

Keystone

FOR THE NURSING SERVICES

Princess Mary at the new headquarters of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales, which she opened at 20 Portland Place. Sir Wilmot Herringham, chairman of the Council, accompanied her on her tour of inspection. Princess Mary also opened the new quarters for nurses at Royal Berks Hospital last week

Central News

LORD BALFOUR IN PALESTINE—

A view of the platform at Tel-Aviv, when the Earl of Balfour was presented with the Freedom of the town. Tel-Aviv is an important industrial centre in Palestine, its features including the much discussed Rutenberg scheme for supplying electric power from the Jordan. Our picture shows Dr. Bogarchov, Principal of the Tel-Aviv School, reading the opening address. Next to Lord Balfour is Mrs. Dizenoff, Mayoress of Tel-Aviv

gives him the title of Duke. Some years ago Sir Alexander built for himself a charming villa at Taormina, one of the most beautiful places in Sicily, and it was there he entertained the King and Queen at luncheon. His great castle of Maniace, with its towers, turrets, thick walls and machiolations, is nearly a day's journey from Taormina.

Sport and General

—AND THENCE TO INDIA

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught photographed at Jamnagar with their host, the Maharaja Jam Saheb of Nawanagar—in other words Prince Ranjitsinhji—with whom they had a few pleasant days' shooting before their departure from India

A LONDON HOSTESS

A portrait by Liadow, of Mrs. E. W. H. Beaton, a well-known society hostess, who is on the committee of the Shawl Ball to be held at Claridge's on April 29 in aid of the Crippled Children's Hospital at Plaistow

A Great Tenor

THE death of Jean de Reszke recalls the golden days of Covent Garden. The gods had showered all their gifts upon this Polish singer. He was born an aristocrat, a scion of an ancient Polish family. He had the figure of a muscular Apollo, and the face of a young Hercules as Praxiteles conceived Hercules. He could act, too, an accomplishment which few operatic folk ever trouble about.

Jean de Reszke made the opera-hero a real and living being. When he sang in *Lohengrin* he *was* Lohengrin. His Romeo in *Romeo and Giulietta was* the gallant young Italian noble wooing an adoring lady; and so, with every part he sang. He sang not only with his throat, but with his brain, and as he never developed the Little Mary embonpoint of the operatic tenor, he maintained his fascination to the end of his stage career.

ENTER THE ARMY *Central News*

The American Army Polo team photographed on board the Minnetonka on their arrival at George V Dock, Silvertown. The team includes only two of the players who beat the British Army at Meadowbrook last year. The group shows: Major A. H. Wilson (left), Major L. A. Beard (captain), Capt. C. Gerhardt, Mr. J. A. Smith, Capt. P. P. Rodes and Mr. E. McGinley

Jean de Reszke retired twenty-five years ago at the very height of his powers. He was rich—in America they gave him £1,000 a night—and in his heart of hearts, like Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, he had never liked the stage. The War hit him badly, as he had large estates in Poland. His brother, Edouard, a famous bass singer, died of the privations he went through during the upheaval, a tragedy which Jean de Reszke felt keenly to the end. After he left the stage, he devoted much of his time to teaching singing, generally to promising pupils who could not afford to pay for their training. We have had no tenor to compare with Jean de Reszke since he retired. Caruso's voice was certainly the more powerful of the two, but it was voice and voice only.

Admirals All

THE death of Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour recalls the fact that for four generations running there have been Admirals Sir Michael Culme Seymour on the active list of the Royal Navy, and that all four have flown their flag in sea-going ships. The rank of Admiral being held by great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and son, all bearing the same Christian name has, I believe, no parallel in any other family.

The Servant Question

AT a meeting at Brighton recently of an Employment Committee one of the members, a prominent agriculturist in Sussex, said that large houses in that county were being shut up because the owners cannot get servants, and that he and his wife had to do all their house-work because they could get no sort of help, although unemployed girls were walking about the village.

Other counties, besides Sussex, I am afraid, are affected in the same way, and the owners of many country houses are faced with an even more difficult problem in getting servants than they are in finding money for taxation. It would be interesting to know how many country houses at the present moment are being run entirely with temporary servants.

Beauty or Commercialism

ENGLISH folk who know Lake Maggiore—and I expect there are a goodly number of my readers who do—will be sorry to hear that much

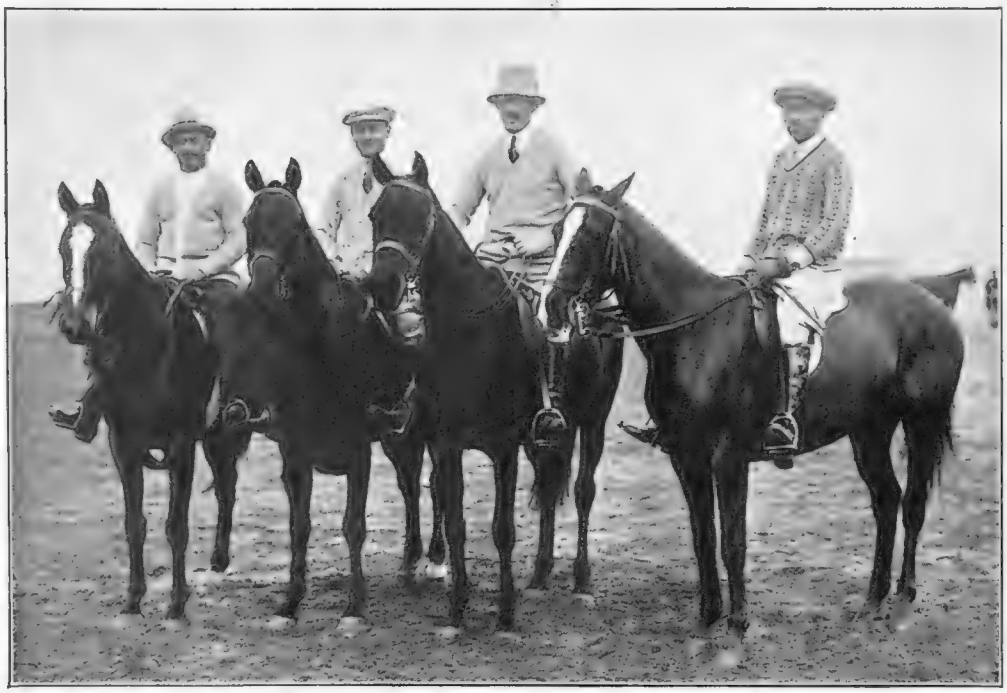
Alfieri

A CHAT BEFORE ACTION

Major G. S. Phipps Hornby, one of the competitors in the Blackmore Vale Hunt Point-to-Point Races held at Wincanton, chatting with Constance Duchess of Westminster

uncertainty exists as to the future of the two islands — the Isole dei Conighi — which you pass in the steamer on the way from Locarno to Brissago.

They are gems of beauty set in the blue waters of the lake. On one of them, San Pancrazio, is a beautiful villa surrounded by the loveliest gardens in all Italy, a tiny church and picturesque cottages for gardeners and servants. On the other — Sant' Apollonia — are the ruins of a monastery, and another church set in groves and fields. All this beauty was created and maintained by the Baroness St. Leger, who now, unhappily, has become bankrupt. The two islands are to be put up to auction to satisfy her creditors. The



STARS OF THE EAST *Central News*

Four members of the Jodhpur polo team, the champions of India, who have been in training with their 55 ponies—valued at about £15,000—at Minehead, in Somerset. The group shows: Thakur Ram Singh (left), Capt. Rajah Hanut Singh, Capt. A. H. Williams and Thakur Prithi Singh

reserve price is 100,000 lire—not a large sum in English money with the Italian exchange at its present rate.

The danger is that the islands may be bought for manufacturing purposes, a fate they narrowly escaped some fifty years ago. Then, the island of San Pancrazio was rented by a French company with the object of manufacturing dynamite for blasting the St. Gothard tunnel. But such was the outcry and storm of protest from the people on the shores of Maggiore that the factory was built elsewhere. It will be a tragedy if these two islands—especially the island of San Pancrazio—fall to commercial uses.

MISS MARGARET POLLEN *Hay Wrightson*

The elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Stephen Hungerford Pollen, of Hammerwood Park, East Grinstead. She is a niece of Lady Ian Hamilton, on her mother's side

THREE "PRESENTATION" PORTRAITS

A trio of *débutantes* who will be presented at one of the Courts during the coming season

MISS KATHLEEN ILIFFE *Hay Wrightson*

The only daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Iliffe, of Allesley Hall, near Coventry. Sir Edward is a Member of Parliament for Warwickshire (Tamworth division), and Chairman of Messrs. Iliffe and Sons, the well-known publishers

MISS BARBARA GREENWELL *Bassano*

The second daughter of Sir Bernard and Lady Greenwell, of Marden Park, Godstone. Her father, the second baronet, was awarded the M.B.E. (Military) in 1919

The Viscountess Scarsdale

By an oversight on our part, Lady Scarsdale was described in our issue of April 1 as being the daughter of Captain Christian Combe. She was, of course, a Miss Dunbar. It is the Hon. Francis Curzon's wife who is the daughter of Captain Christian Combe.

The Riviera Week by Week

By J. GALBRAITH HORN

MONTE CARLO

NEVER have I seen so many children enjoying the gardens; never have the gorgeous *gardiens* peacocking in their comic opera uniforms had such an *embarras de richesses*

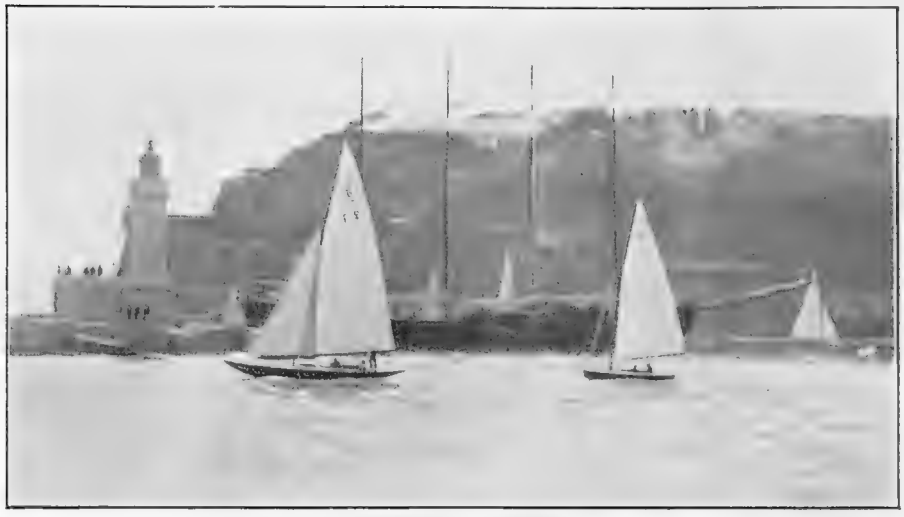
THE SCENE OF ACTION *Horn*

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kingston taking full advantage of the warm sunny weather at Monte. Mr. Kingston is the author of "The Romance of Monte Carlo," the book which was so well received when recently published

in choosing their flirts among the nurses of every country and hue, who can safely neglect their charges in these tropical palm groves. There are shaded reservations with sandy deserts for the kids' spade work, and benches for the nurses who make a great show of needlework, while their tongues and their eyes are far from idle. At the post office end of the terrace, too, the children have all sorts of amusements in an enclosure with gymnastic apparatus, see-saws, swings, and sand mountains galore, and a fine view of the yachts in the toy harbour of Monaco just below the terrace. The donkey carriages, too, are never idle, and the youngsters *do* enjoy their brief authority over the patient beasts.

COLONEL MICHAEL HUGHES entertains a lot in his apartment at the Royal Hotel, where a succession of friends come to stay with him. The other day he had a lunch party for Lady Garioch, Lord Kintore, Lord and Lady Blythswood, the Hon. Olive Douglas-Campbell, and Lord and Lady Hamilton of Dalzell who are making a stay at the Metropole here after their trip to Madeira.

I hear that some imitation *plaques* were recently spotted at the Casino, and the three forgers caught along with the rest of the 200,000 francs in false *plaques*.



A CHAMPION AT WORK *H. S. Scrivener*

Bilitis II (left), the six-metre yacht belonging to Mr. J. Rigneur, in action. She has won more first prizes at the various Côte d'Azur regattas than any other boat of any class, and is the acknowledged champion six-metre yacht

THE battle of flowers on Sunday, March 29, was fortunately blest with glorious sunshine, and was a splendid success as it toured round the Casino gardens, and in front of the Prince's tribune, and the crowded verandahs of the Hotel de Paris, and the gaily decorated "Cheese."

SOME hotel *concierges* here have apparently not warned their visitors that they must, a day or two after their arrival, show their passports

E. Navello

SUN-DAY ON THE RIVIERA

Major the Hon. R. Fellowes (left) and the Hon. Sir Harry Stonor sampling the spring sunshine from the steps of their hotel. Sir Harry Stonor was last year appointed Secretary and Registrar of the Order of Merit

at the Monte Carlo police office, and pay half a franc for a *permis de séjour* for six months. There are no difficulties or data to fill in; but you are fined thirty francs if you neglect this admirable police order. All the guests in two hotels were recently fined, as well as the proprietors.

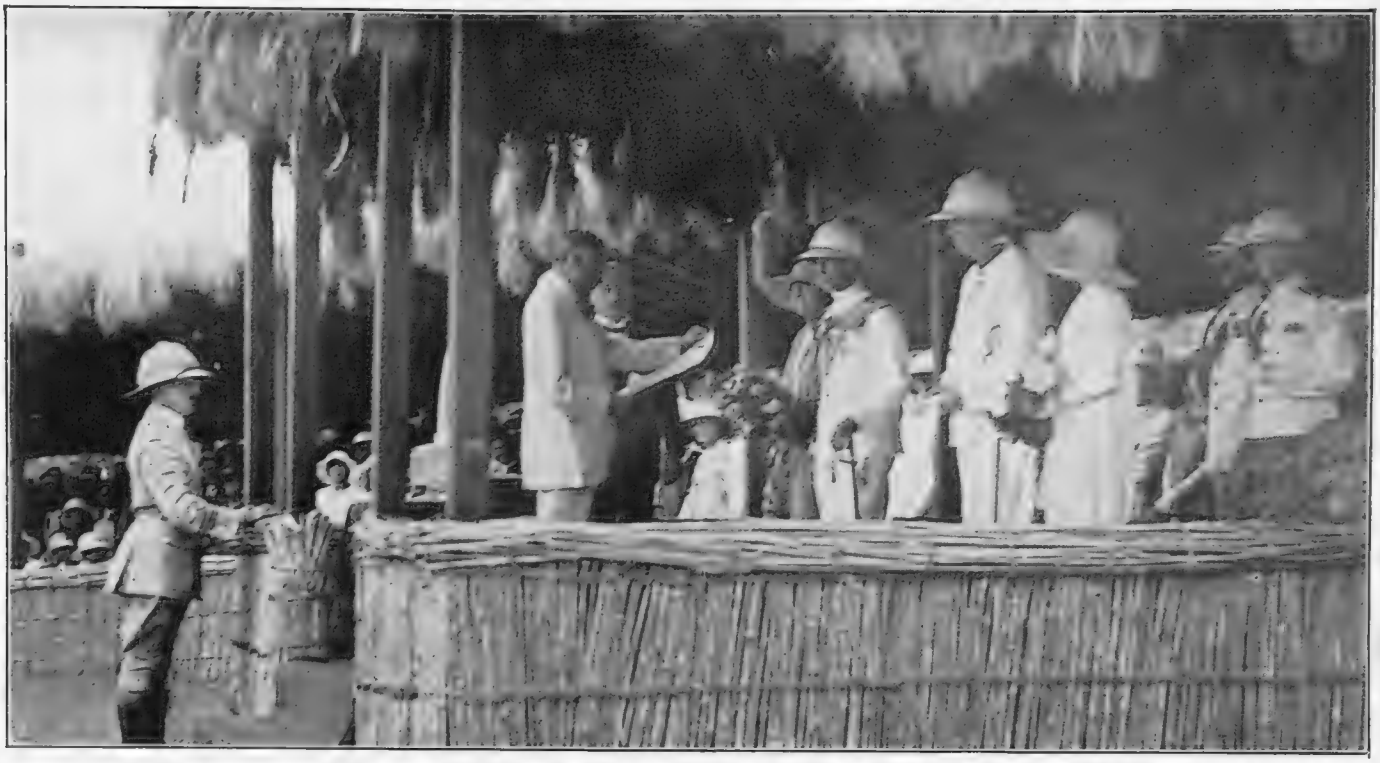
THE best time for the motor hill climb to Mont Agel of 15 kilometres (about nine miles) was made at the contest here the other day, *i.e.*, 13½ minutes. The golf is really fairly accessible as the roads are good, and good cars reach the club from the Casino in twenty minutes with three or four passengers. Special climbers, like Brigadier-General Sir Charles Delmé Radcliffe and Mr. Gibson, who is at the Windsor this season, reach the club in an hour on foot. The latter got down the other evening in thirty-two minutes! I recollect that during the War a *padre* ran down in twelve minutes from La Turbie, easily beating the train, which takes twenty-one minutes.

MARCH, as usual, has been rather stormy, though sunny most days. The waves were so big when the *Peer Gynt*, a big German liner, arrived for a two days' visit to Monte Carlo, that the Captain would not allow his 250 strong Hun horde to disembark, and left shortly for Barcelona. It's an ill wind, etc.! A French liner—*Patria*—was here at the same time; before them, about 300 Americans landed from the *Lapland* as well as some from the *Scythia*, and a lot from the *Laconia* in Villefranche Bay, many of whom stayed on at the Metropole here. Baron Sir Rudolph Slatin Pasha gave a notable lunch at the Metropole to the Duke of Connaught, Dame Nelly Melba, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, the Hon. Sir Harry Stonor, Major Berkeley Levett, and Mr. Dolbear of the American diplomatic service. Among new arrivals at the Metropole are Sir William Cross, Mr. J. A. Cowan and the Maharajah of Mysore and his suite, and H.R.H. the Princess of Braganza.

THE new musical piece in two short tableaux, *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*, by the famous Maurice Ravel, illustrating a poem by Mme. Colette, was received with wave upon wave of delighted applause. The great orchestra for once joined frantically in giving a real ovation to the composer, who was present in the Prince's party. The Russian ballet had a great chance of contributing to the all-round success of this so-called opera.

THE third of the extra-special Casino balls—"The Coming of the Spring"—organised by the eminent artist, M. Jean Gabriel Domergue—in the Salle Garnier was perhaps the best. The ladies were limited in colour schemes from pink to violet, and received interesting souvenirs.

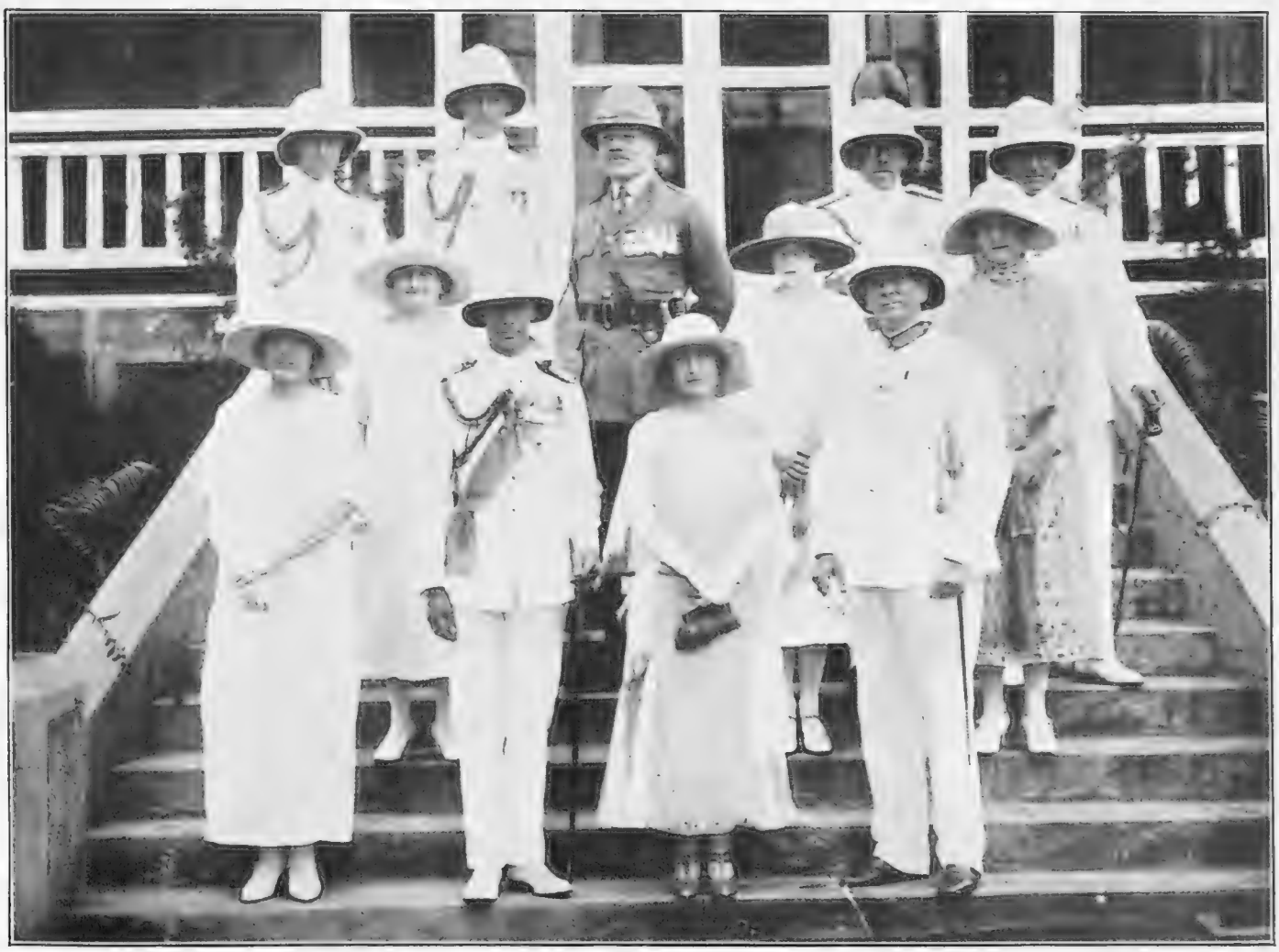
With the Duke of York on his African Tour



AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Central News

The Duke and Duchess of York receiving an Address of Welcome at Mengo, the native capital of Uganda. The Address was presented on behalf of King Daudi or, to give him his official title—the Kabaka of Buganda, to mark the native appreciation of the Duke's visit to the Lukiko or native Parliament



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Photo. Ivens.

The Duke and Duchess of York photographed on the steps of Government House, Entebbe, during their Uganda tour. Mr. E. B. Jarvis, the acting Governor, is seen standing on the left of the Duchess of York

Off to Dicksee Land

BY DAVID WILSON

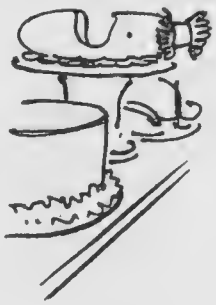
Our artist's impression of Sir Frank Dicksee, the President of the Royal Academy, who has been urging artists to steer clear of portraying inartistic fashions. He solemnly begs them to give us work "that will be acceptable to future generations"

NEW SERIES

CLUB MEMBERS

By DELL LEIGH. *Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN.*

No. 1.—THE DYSPEPTIC.



It is a sad fact, but all Clubs—Service, Social, and/or Sporting—seem to affect deleteriously the digestions and temper of certain of their members. These unfortunates, although for the most part normal in their mental attitude towards the world at large in a restaurant, and distinctly *piano* at home, if married, become vituperatively volcanic the moment they unfold their napkins in their club dining-room.

Club dyspepsia is not a question of age; nor is it due in any way to overworked interior economies. It is a state of mind which becomes apparent after passing through the swing doors into the hall and nodding inimically at the hall porter. To many men (to most in some of the more hostile clubs) the dyspeptic outlook falls upon them like a mantle and envelops them completely before they have emerged from the cloak-room, where they deposit coat, hat and umbrella in the manner of men who are putting away childish things and are now face to face with the grim realities of life which have somehow got to be combated.

The clubman with an equable and sunny disposition (there are a few about) ambles slowly towards the dining-room, examining his finger nails with faint disapproval; he has signed a short period armistice with his enemies because lunch is toward. Not so the dyspeptic. With him the advance towards the cold sideboard is in the nature of an attack. He is confronted with all the culinary delicacies of the day. The galaxy and variety of the perfectly cooked food would bring tears of rage to the eyes of every Communist from Gottesberg to Glasgow. But he can find nothing here "fit to eat." He fixes on with great care a pair of pince-nez the better to examine "all this cooked-up stuff," and the monologue follows somewhat on these lines; while the steward hovers ingratiatingly, though with ill-concealed anxiety, in the background:

". . . game pie? Chiefly rabbit, I suppose . . . prawns in aspic? Shrimps, no thank'e. . . . Cold ribs of beef? Why *can't* we have sirloin here? Ridiculous nonsense. . . . Soused mackerel? On a Monday, in London? Good heavens, no! . . . Derby Round? Foreign, of course; disgusting habit of the Secretary's this is, to be sure. . . . N-o-o, I don't see anything here."

Jaundiced eyes stray to the framed menu of hot dishes. "M'm . . . m'm . . ." and he writes his order with a shrug of pained resignation, and with a muttered malediction on the bad pencils they supply here. Sitting down with a sigh at one of the large tables, he finds himself next to a florid man who is imbedded in a grilled steak. He leans over consolingly towards this luncher and says: "Tough as Hades, I suppose, what?"

"Not a bit," replies the other, "very good to-day. Why don't you try some?"

"My *dear* fellow," admonishes the dyspeptic, in the tone of voice he would adopt if his companion had slandered the fair name of a mutual friend's wife, and he relapses into a mournful silence.

Suddenly he brightens up on remembering that the man next to him is on the Committee. To find himself next to a long-suffering member of the Committee seems always to infuse a little colour into the otherwise drab life of a club dyspeptic, and the following conversation ensues:—

"I say, Jevons, you're on the Committee, aren't you?"

"M'm." The admission is not exactly indicative of appreciation of the alleged honour of this form of social service.

"Well now, look here: I know I can talk to you without offence: and, mind you, I'm not making any complaint or anything of that sort: but, really, old chap, there are certain things about the way this club is run that are a positive scandal. . . . Why don't I speak to the Secretary? I can't stand the feller for one thing—and, besides, you know what he is, absolute despot—like Cæsar's wife. He'll tell me to put it in writing or draw a map or something. No. But I can talk to *you* privately: I've been meaning to for some time. The trouble is this. . . ."

Thereupon follows a diatribe on inefficiency such as "no other club in London would stand." It is either the food, which is "appalling"; or it is the stiffness of the bathroom taps ("of course, you don't live here, and so you don't know, but I can assure you . . ."); or the dishevelled appearance of the pages; or the fatuity of only having two copies of *La Vie Parisienne* in a club of 2,000 members ("I can never see the thing from one year's end to another"); or the imposition of the card-room fine for play after 12.30 ("I never hold a card until about midnight")—"and for heaven's sake, my dear fellow, do something about it. I'm sick and tired of the whole thing; and although you may not know it—of course you wouldn't, being on the Committee—there is considerable feeling on the point amongst the members, take it from me. . . ." His voice trails off into vague mutterings about "bringing the matter up at the Annual Meeting"; which he never does, because he is never there, and would not have the effrontery to do so if he were.

The true dyspeptic is, of course, a self-appointed authority on all club custom and management. He does not say mildly at tea, fearing he may perhaps be wrong: "I don't think much of these muffins, do you?" He

says: "No other club in London would dare to send in muffins like this—it's like chewing a pigskin note-case." He will tell you about the food and service at the Arcady, the gentlemanly character of the men at the Elysium, the extreme comfort of the beds and valeting at the Soporific—but here! He would not bring his worst enemy in here. And yet he is here every day, sitting usually upon two evening papers while he crinkles a third testily. And when you look him up in the members' lists of the other vaunted clubs, the curious thing is you can seldom find his name.

If by chance you are the florid man on the Committee of the Sybarite and you find him the next day seated, a guest, in an armchair near you at the Arcady, it is more likely than not you will hear him saying to his host: "I entirely agree with you, my dear chap, it *wasn't* a good dinner at all, since you ask my candid opinion; now at the Sybarite, a club I use quite a lot, you can always rely on a good table. I've never had a bad meal there yet—and I've been a member there for, let me see, how many years is it now . . . ?"

NEXT WEEK!
No. II.
THE ARISTOCRAT

Motley Musings

When April blooms begin to sprout,
And make the busy bees stir,
Or when you take a lady out,
Expensively to feast her:
Why, then you know without a doubt,
The time of year is Easter.

. . . . .

MOREOVER, at the time of writing, it looks like being a nor'-easter.

. . . . .

WE read that Miss Nellie Wallace has made a great hit at the Palladium. But it's too solidly built for her really to have hurt it.

. . . . .

THE rumour that all the Press agents in London have been busily engaged in painting the Lillie is incorrect.

. . . . .

"I WISH, darling, we could be all alone this evening," she murmured fondly to her *fiancé*. And at that moment the sympathetic lamp heaved a metaphorical sigh and went out.

. . . . .

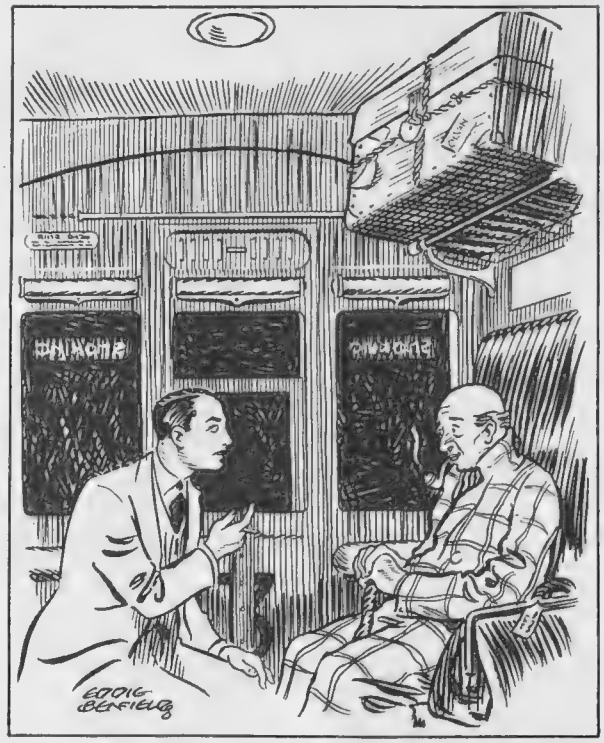
ALFRED may not be the world's greatest tenor, but in our opinion he is the Piccaver mediocre lot.

THE ONE EXCEPTION

"Not out of hours!" the P'lice decree;
All this irregularity
In quaffing through the night and day
Must cease, or heavy fines you'll pay
To teach you that such things can't be.

Go, if you will, upon the spree
From twelve until the clock chimes three,
(P.M., of course), but after, nay,
Not out of hours!

With one proviso, this is what
I will agree to on the spot.
I do not care a single "D"
If only THIS *is pledged to me;*
Let each drink from his glass, but not,
Not out of OURS!



THE CATCH IN IT By Eddie Benfield

Apprehensive Passenger: "Excuse me, sir, is your trunk quite safe?"
The Canny Scot: "Aye, it's locked."

RACING REFLECTIONS

ANY racing apprentice knows more about race-suicide than Dr. Marie Stopes.

It is often more profitable to back a trainer's rejected than his selected.

Many owners are responsible for a string of blunders.

How many married women wish they had been scratched earlier out of all engagements?

Turfoid fever is a dangerous ailment.

We get more rum running during the season than they do in America.

(After J. K. STEPHEN.)

Will there never come a season
When we'll cease to marvel at
Men who for no earthly reason
Back their fancies on the flat;

When the bookies cease to thunder
Odds at those who will not "part,"
And a jockey's foolish blunder
Shall not land us in the cart;

When the Ring shall be delivered
From that pestilential brood
Who, red-handed and white-livered,
Wage some dirty, racing feud;

When no more a light-weight stripling
Wrings his backers' withers sore;
When the Tipsters cease from Tippling,
And the Blackguards Ride no more!

. . . . .

WE think that the burglar who broke into the same house three times in a month, and then pleaded the shortage of houses as his excuse, was going too far.

. . . . .

ANSWER to an American correspondent: No, sir, Browning did not write "The Bridge of Sighs." You are probably confusing it with "Poppa passes."

HARTLEY CARRICK

This Night Club Evil

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The sort of silly errors our Bright Young People make through keeping up their amusements after lighting-up time!

Produced, March 11, 1925.

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is an entertainment that calls for the use of happy superlatives. It must be the brightest thing ever. Frivolity is the keynote, and Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Joseph Coyne play it for all it is worth. The plot is a little hazy and not very coherent; but that is, if anything, something to be thankful for. Jimmy Smith, for instance (Mr. Coyne), is a very rich man whose wife simply refuses to spend money on herself. The originality of this character can hardly be overestimated. When Jimmy gives her some money to spend, she goes out and buys a—money-box. Consequently, Jimmy has to do most of the frittering himself, and not unnaturally gets into mischief. As has been well said, so many of us are good because we cannot afford to be otherwise. In due course Jimmy explains to his lawyer, Billy Early (Mr. Grossmith), what the position is in which he finds himself, and wants to know how he can escape just retribution. That sort of thing is what lawyers are for, is it not?

JIMMY met a fascinating widow at Nice, who was trying to be self-supporting by adopting the profession of letters, and he helped her to make a start. Similarly he met a lady at Bath, and another lady at Harrogate, and helped them, too. His trouble appears to be that all three ladies think he is going to marry them, whereas marriage was the last thing he had thought of in respect of anyone, as he is already married and settled. So he hands his lawyer a thousand pounds for fees in advance, and begs him to settle all three cases at his discretion. Then Nanette comes into the story. She is a *protégée* of Jimmy's wife, who seems to be bringing her up rather strictly. She complains to Jimmy that every time she wants to see a bit of life she is met with "No, no, Nanette," and she does so want to have a little fun before wasting herself on matrimony. It's the new spirit, they tell me. So Jimmy, who seems to have money to burn, and then some, gives her ten pounds to spend, and in case that should not be enough, he adds another tenner to it. It is about this time that he sings the song which is the pivot of the story. It is to the effect that he wants to be happy but he won't be happy till he has made her happy, too. A haunting melody quite on the comic side. It is the old bluff, of course, but it usually goes down with them. It subsequently transpires that this is the song that Jimmy poured into the ears of his three conquests, and though it is not likely that he contemplates adding Nanette to their number, he is clearly a man who wants watching. Pauline, the cook at Jimmy's house, seems to take that point of view, at least, because when she finds that Jimmy has given Nanette the key of his seaside cottage, she promptly follows as a discreet chaperon. This part is only a small one, but it is played with a nice distinction by Miss Gracie Leigh, who has lost none of the delicate drollery that made her famous years ago.

THE part of Nanette brings Miss Binnie Hale right to the front as a musical comedy star. Nanette has a suitor named Tom (Mr. Seymour Beard), and quite early in the evening the two have a charming duet in which Tom declares that he has confessed to the breeze that he loves her. The man who knew the secret of King Midas's ass's ears did something like the same, as you will remember, but his secret soon became public property. Tom has, of course, not the need for concealment; indeed, he loses no opportunity of proclaiming most persistently his young and hitherto untried affection. In the second act there is a duet by these accomplished entertainers, called "Tea for Two." It is followed by an eccentric dance, and the whole of the really excellent turn is encored again and again. The house just goes wild over it. When Mr. Grossmith and Mr. Coyne appear to resume the thread of the story, the audience is still so insistent that the encored encore has to be given, while the two leading comedians, to give colour to their presence on the stage, imitate with a nice sense of fun, the lightness of Miss Hale's lively dancing and mock sentimentality.

IT is generally understood that neither Mr. Grossmith nor Mr. Coyne is in the first flush of youth. I may be mistaken, of course, but as the calendar has not stood still for myself, I feel that it is not illogical to conclude that it has not done so for these two jovial comedians. Yet their agility and energy are remarkable; and if they have not entirely the physique of reckless youth, they certainly have its abundant spirit. Their efforts seem to be concentrated into turning the show into what students call a "rag." In the middle of the piece, apropos of nothing that concerns the plot, they trot on the stage each furnished with a Japanese paper umbrella, and give a most laughable imitation of a pair of wirewalkers, a pleasant and well-acted piece of nonsense that is most enthusiastically received. I noticed, a little maliciously perhaps, that the two last acts include stage furniture in the form of seats, while the stage directions seem obligingly to require that every now and then the actors shall sit in order to recover breath. I may be mistaken, but you can't help feeling a bit jealous at this extraordinary display of vitality that you couldn't imitate without discovering here or there a kink in your bones.

THE second act takes place outside Jimmy's seaside cottage, where he has fled to avoid his lady friends. But

HALE! BINNIE

I DO not remember to have seen a musical comedy with so light a touch. Mr. Grossmith and Mr. Coyne play together admirably, and lose no opportunity of giving rein to their buoyant spirits, which soon become infectious. You get the idea after a time that they can make the audience laugh at almost anything; and you would not be far wrong. They get laughs by playing with hollyhocks as bell-ringers do, and when Mr. Coyne turns, with surprising agility, head over heels, the laughter and cheers are cataclysmic. The chorus, following the frivolous note of the play, is divided into three sections, the bachelors, the marrieds, and the maids, thus giving an added note of interest to entertainers who are usually quite impersonal.

Tom, the young man in pursuit of Nanette, is so incensed by what appears to be her duplicity in tolerating Jimmy's protection, that he summons all the ladies in the case to appear on the scene "on urgent business." In answer to his invitation Jimmy's lady friends all turn up, but nothing seems to matter much at this point of the story. All is too light and bright for the Vampire touch. Billy, the lawyer, who went to settle the ladies' claims, becomes the party accused of obliquity, while Jimmy clears himself by the loud assertion that he loves his wife, and he wants to say so in those words in case the complication should come into court. Consequently, the wrong man, as usual, is found guilty, and handed over to the custody of his wife, who proposes henceforward to keep him under lock and key, or something dreadful like that. Billy's wife, Lucille (Miss Irene Brown), sings a duet with him to the effect that he can dance with any girl, but he must come home with her. She seems to suspect that he had an idea of reversing the procedure indicated.

No, No, Nanette has clearly caught the fancy of the Town, and if it runs as long as its merits deserve, Mr. Grossmith and Mr. Coyne may look forward to a green and lively old age in the years and years to come.

JINGLE

SUR LES POINTES

Renée, who with her partner, Godfrey, has been charming Café de Paris audiences with what our forefathers would have described as "an admirable exhibition of the Terpsichorean art"

A BRIGHT SPOT

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

THERE can be few things more exhilarating to a man just home from the outskirts of Empire, where presumably he has been merely existing, in the abstract, on month-old copies of THE BYSTANDER, than to sit tensely expectant in a purring taxi as it goes eastwards through the night towards that lilac glare which hangs in the sky above Piccadilly Circus—oh, wonderful sight!

It is the brightest of all bright spots for him at that moment of long-deferred time, and I like to think of his feelings as he is being driven towards the vivid vortex, because I have shared those joys on a time myself

One of the jewels in the crown of the Circus of Lights and Laughter, quite one of the most dazzling and dominant it has become lately, is an underground endroit which calls itself the "Café de Paris." It would no doubt be just as popular if they called it "The Parthenon," for goddesses, though of another age and equal elusiveness, flit about within. And just as *chic* and conservative were it known as "The Cosmopolitan," for a mere name has little influence with the inveterate diner-out and dancer in this country. He will go anywhere "the others" go. There is nothing of a café about it—and little enough of Paris, except possibly the cooking, which is of the first order. But it is as unlike its famous namesake at the corner of the Rue Daunou as the Rue de la Paix is unlike Bond Street. Anyhow, all London calls it the "Cafidepari," and curses when it can't get a table.

It was an interesting enough place when I first went inside it last July—it was only feeling its way cautiously into the unplumbed depths of public favour then, and was uneasy in its mind—it is doubly interesting now, because it has arrived.

I have yet to meet the man who can tell me why certain night lights of London flare up suddenly in popularity and continue to blaze undimmed for quite a long time; and why others, just as good or just as naughty, as the case may be, suddenly flicker and gutter, and are snuffed out by the woeful lessee. I know the reason put forward by many people. But it is not only that. A place either "catches on," or it does not. If it does, everyone concerned in its promotion makes a small fortune. If it does not, the landlord steps in and says, "never again," or words to that effect.

There is no sort of doubt about the "Cafidepari" having arrived at opulence, none whatever. And the place is even more noteworthy for the fact that it is not a club, like the Embassy and Ciro's. It is a restaurant, open to the whole world and the other man's wife. And yet, in effect, it is a very exclusive and *soigné* club when you come to analyse it. It is the place where the four hundred, or four thousand, or whatever the uncounted number of "London's Elect" consists of, chooses nightly to disport itself. You can be with them any night you like, but never of them, unless they like—which is seldom.

Moreover, you have got to pass the shrewd scrutiny of the restaurant manager, Poulsen, before you can get a table. I believe Poulsen knows everybody in Europe. Don't try to bluff him. It can't be done. Be perfectly natural and reasonable and he is your friend at once, and you could hardly have a better, here, for he is a man who knows his job better than many another of his *métier*.

The London nightlighter is an unapproachable self-contained animal who cannot be led by you or me from one light to another, and utterly refuses to "mix," as he calls it, with anyone not entirely of his own choosing. He comes, and he goes away. The great art of dance-endroit directors is to get him to come back, and to continue coming back. Paris can sway their patrons, as is instanced by the fact that Oscar Mouret, having now taken over L'Abbaye, is actually succeeding in getting his diners at The Embassy (late Jardin de ma Sœur) to go "up the hill" to Montmartre afterwards to *his* place, not some other of their own choosing! You could never do that in London. You would fail at both places in a fortnight. But Oscar's smile and—er—other things, are responsible for his amazing success in the gayest and most fickle of all cities.

Nor does it matter in the least to anyone of the four hundred dancemen

(Continued on page 166)

A SPEAKING LIKENESS

Leo Bill, the ventriloquist, who, at the Café de Paris, has been showing how a little sleight-of-hand can be utilised in making a realistic head. Inset is seen how Toto appears when not in action

A Movie "Still"

"Sasha

MISS ALICE JOYCE

The well-known American film star, who is visiting this country. She is to play one of the "leads" in a new film, "Passionate Adventure," to be produced by Mr. Graham Cutts

of the apostrophes that the band and the floor are below ground. On the contrary, it is better so. For there is an intriguing gallery running round the circular room, and thence one looks down wistfully upon, if male, and up to quite disinterestedly from below (or so it seems to him) if female.

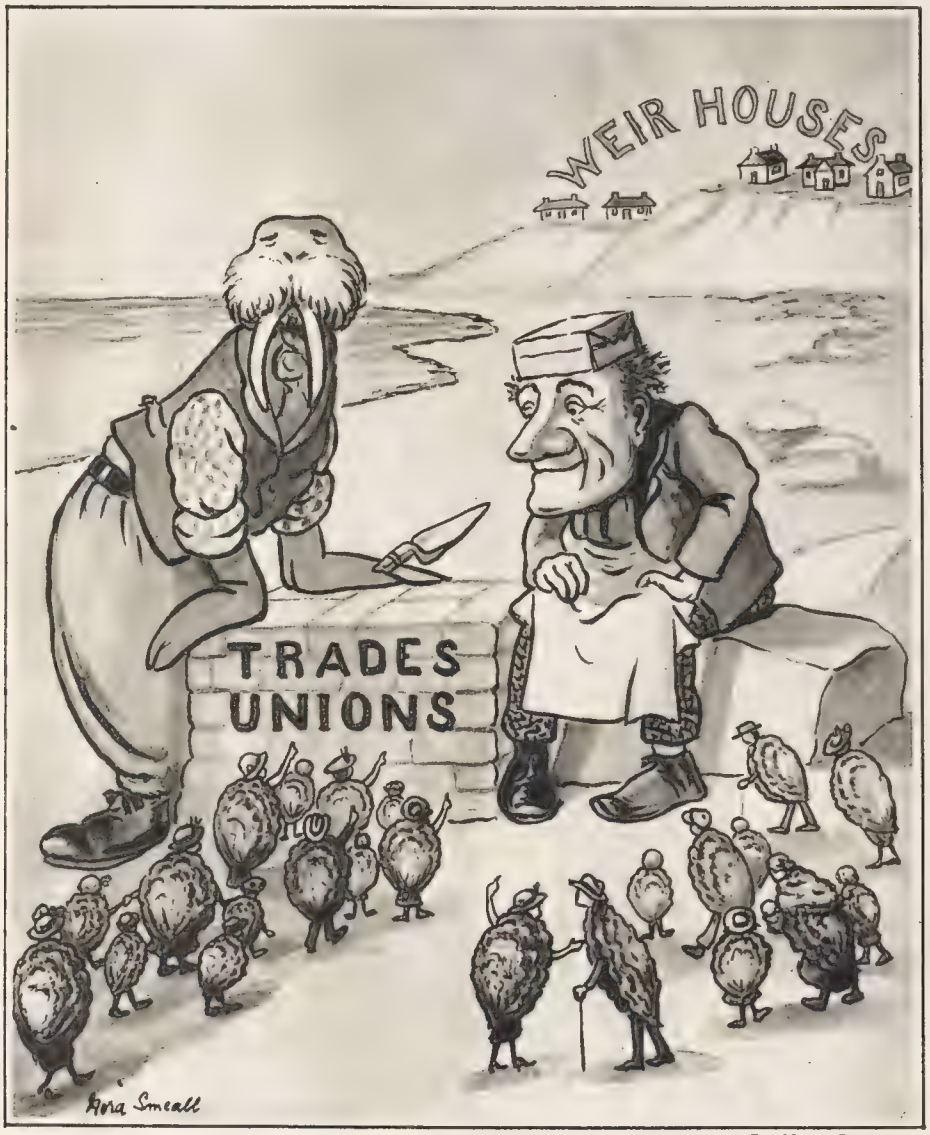
It needs only a glance for a few minutes of the racing hours of night from this gallery to show you, poor devil, who is reading this a month hence in Kuala Lumpur (while that dam boy pretends to pull the punkah cord) an outline of the bright spot, sketched in swiftly to spare you further home-sickness, with one coloured chalk.

Chinese red is the fashionable colour for the dance frock of the moment. Ten very famous ladies in that maelstrom of movement below are wearing them; twenty others, nearly as lovely, though not as often in the picture papers, are wearing twenty other shades of red; so red it is. Extremely pleasant to the sight are these thoroughly English ladies, more pleasant still to the touch of the dancer beneath the gay lantern in the roof. But—and this most pleasant of all to dwell upon even in the loneliness of Empire outskirts—most isolated and impregnable from predatory hands, most unflinching of eye and grave of mouth to all but their own man of the moment are these thousand and one night-light ladies. More alluring and fascinating for those very reasons than the women of any city of the hills or the plains that you or I have wandered in. Where they will have gone to by the time you get home, heaven alone knows. But the Cafidepari, below the hoot and hustle of Coventry Street, shelters them very briefly every night just now.

And it does not matter if they have sauntered away from there when you get home (how beautifully easily and gracefully Englishwomen saunter), because another place will thrill to their entry, as this place does now. As What'sname place did when you were home last, you, remember? . . .

What? Have you turned to curse the punkah coolie?

Well, that is only what all outskirters do when they read of a London night-light. It is very natural. I have done it myself, often. And he doesn't mind anyway. The mails come in every week, and he is used to it by now. . . .



By Nora Smeall

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER: 1925 VERSION (*After L. C.*)

"'Tis HOMES we want," the oysters cried,
Looking extremely blue.
"Like those we see behind you, sir—
We'd like a nearer view."
"*I'm* building *this*," the Walrus said,
"And so you can't get through."
The Carpenter said nothing, but
"I'll knock off work at two."

"I weep for you," the Walrus said,
"I deeply sympathise—
(Although unseemly haste like yours
Fills me with pained surprise)
You'd better just live out-of-doors,
'Twill make you grow more wise."
The Carpenter said nothing, but
"It's time I had a rise!"

IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT

THE rain had ceased; overhead the clouds had passed slowly and serenely on their midnight way, and a waning moon hung in its dying splendour, tipping the glistening roof-tops with silver.

Below, the streets were deserted, and the deep diapason of the traffic's roar was hushed, the only sound that broke the silence being the occasional slow footfall of a passing policeman.

The great city was asleep; but in a lofty building in its very heart a stealthy figure, muffled up to the eyes, toiled away by the intermittent light of an electric flash-lamp.

Feverishly—swiftly he worked. Time was everything.

In front of him in the darkness loomed a large mass of metal, its secret mechanism as intricate as modern science could make it. Every now and again a flash from his lamp would reveal him intent on the black surface which shone dully before him.

Could he solve the riddle of the levers and handles which confronted him?

One combination after another he tried, each time turning the central handle, and waiting eagerly to see whether the Fates had granted him success—but in vain.

Away over the roof-tops a clock struck the hour.

Listening, he redoubled his efforts, the blood pounding in his temples. His tools which lay around him were useless; on this occasion it was to be a matter of luck—a question of finding the right combination. Brute strength, previously so often his stand-by, was of no avail.

Again he experimented with the levers, and once more grasped the handle. As his hand moved, there was a flash in the darkness, and a loud report echoed through the sleeping building.

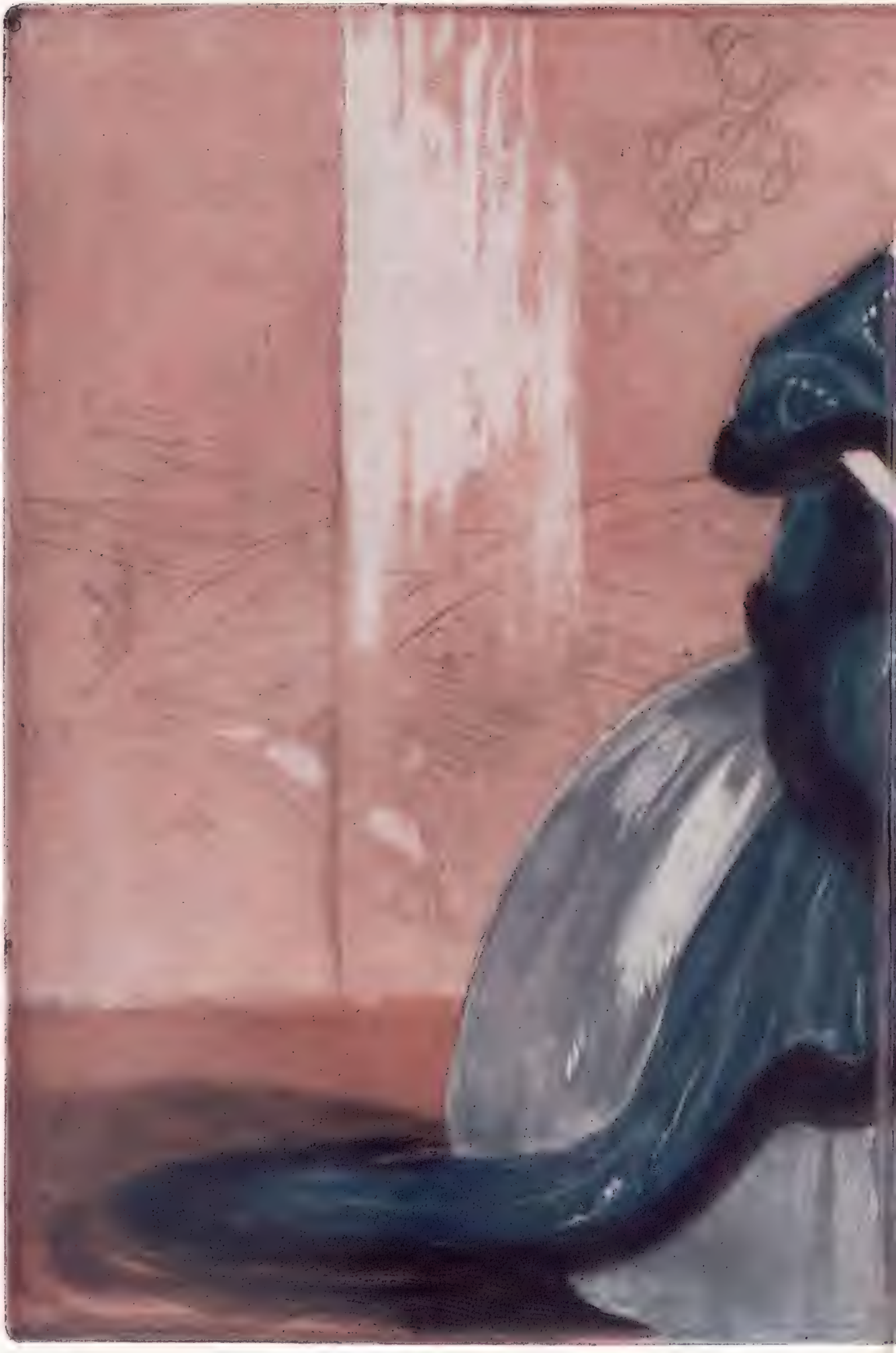
A stabbing, burning pain shot through his right arm, and with a muttered curse he fell back.

That damned car had back-fired again!

C. H. Brewer.

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

HOMAGE



FEMME À LA CRINOLINE BY JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE

The woman who uses Lux need never worry about her hands. Lux is as mild as the finest toilet soap: it leaves the hands white and soft

Lux for everything you wash yourself

Use Lux for everything you wash yourself. It is just as easy as washing your hands. The filmy Lux diamonds are made to melt instantly into a rich foam of almost magic cleansing power, which yet is gentle to the frailest fabrics.

Those filmy undies, those silk stockings that you treasure, wash them always with your own hands with Lux. Texture and colour will be as perfect after many Lux washings as when the garments first emerged from their layers of tissue. Silks, crêpes, fine woollens are all safest with Lux.

Be sure you get LUX—in the familiar carton. So-called substitutes, sold loose, are thick shreds of ordinary soap. Lux is unique : make sure you get Lux.

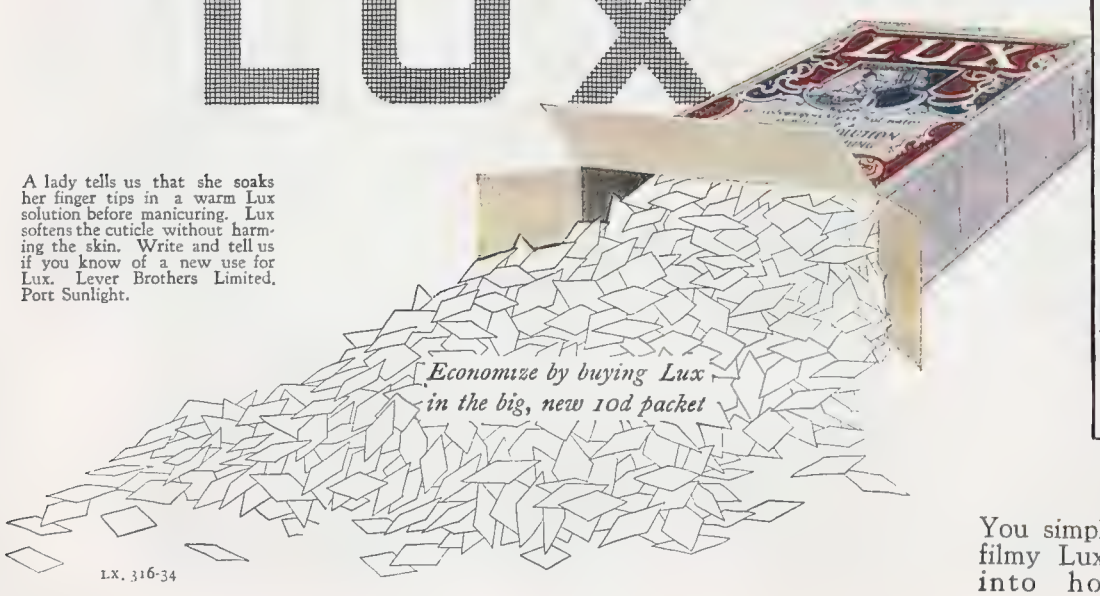
1. Toss Lux into hot water: whip into lather.

2. Add cold water to give required temperature.

3. Dip and re-dip in this pure rich lather.

4. Rinse in clean water. Squeeze water gently out, without wringing.

LUX

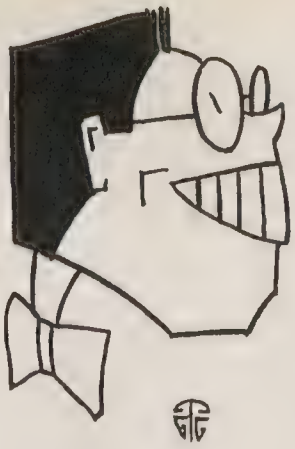


A lady tells us that she soaks her finger tips in a warm Lux solution before manicuring. Lux softens the cuticle without harming the skin. Write and tell us if you know of a new use for Lux. Lever Brothers Limited. Port Sunlight.

LX. 316-34

You simply toss the filmy Lux diamonds into hot water.

YOGO HAMA ON ANGLO BANK HOLIDAYS



MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

YOU are no doubtfully aware that thisly week to date are Easter Bank Monday when Bank jumpers and other cash assistants dance for exuberance because of this so delicious festive which they enjoy by Act of Parliament. Does it not

"Thisly week are Easter Bank Monday"

wring with tears our hearts to observe the joyish light in the so upper 10 faces of these persons who purvey us good overdraftings at 6 per cent., when they imaginatively foresee themselves imbibing qts of nautical ozone at Margate, or the aerated atmosphere of the peaks and pinnacles at Hampstead's Heath? Peerages, wealthies and *nouveau riches* may disport themselves to the Riviera, the Maderia or other British and Colonial spots, but they cannot ever suffer the chaste and sophisticateless joy which inflate the hearts of these so select persons who take from us our cashes for good keeps.

Easter are a great egg festive which all Anglo persons eat for good lucks and happy returns of the day. On Bank Monday, Hon. lodgings-lady produced me a home-laid egg to my breakfast because of this so ancient custom, but it was laid under a bad star. Saidly egg turned itself out to be a very mediæval brand because when I decapitated summit of same, I discovered to find a diminutive fowl of infantine proportions. Very muchly as I dote on Anglo customs, I confess you my appetite rescinded to nil, which I now blush for shame to admit. I therefore gifted my egg to Hon. lodgings abode feline which does not suffer an excess of nutriment and thusly, I trust to hope, acquired merit and other ethical perks.

"Find a diminutive fowl"

I cannot help to think that bad healths are sometimes very good blessings, and nextly Easter I shall imbed myself with a 'flue or other severeish nose-chill. Why for so? Because I shall then not have to inflict myself with Hon. relation name of Matsu, who are a legal student and quite dry as dust, but otherwisely very fearfully ignoramus.

"Honour me, Cousin Yogo, to instruct re this Saxon festive of Egg Monday which are legalised by statue of parliament under Vic. Cap," he requesh.

"All so well," I bemoan, "kindly to tender me your exquisite company to Hampstead's Heath, and I shall show you some of these Anglo-junkets."

"Where are this saidly alleged Heath of Hampstead?" he beseek.

"It lies in latitude N.W. by 3," I response, "and are very celebrate for its *literati* and other salts of the earth."

We hied ourselves to Hampstead's Heath per tubular railway which, on arriving to it, we found emanating very delicious steam music of considerable h.p.

"These are extremely superb notes which I do not venture to imagine even Hon. Wagner, Lohengrin, Rigoletto or other *maestros* could successfully produce," Matsu inform.

"Indeedly no," I repop, "and this proves to show how non-superior human music are as compared v. against machinery music. These so delicious steam notes are audible to the naked ear for 3 or 5 miles, a distance not even the most windy persons could hope to blow them."

"Inform me, Yogo, *inter alia*, why

"With Hon. relation name of Matsu"

for do these *vox populi*, male and non-male, perform dances and allied gyratings in the hats of each other?" Matsu require.

"This are very antiqueish Anglo rite," I repercush. "Hon. lady and gent bandy their hats to ensignify they seek a nuptialling. This so delicious custom are growing increasingly defunct, which strikes me to be a pity."

"Perform dances"

"Decisively yes, Yogo. It are painish to witness the decease of these so ancient festives. *O tempora, O mores!*"

"Kindly to not submerge me under these canine Latins, Cousin Matsu. They do not exhibit you to honourable distinction, but very reversely cause you to appear full of empty prides," I reproof.

We next witness to observe many numerous vehicles filled to repletion with lower 10 persons ejaculing song, and squashing musical bars from small

"Beano persons performing a spree"

compression boxes. "Observe, Matsu, these beano persons performing a spree. They have succeeded to escape their toils and now seek innocent enjoyments by ejaculing ancient folk songs from their ancestors like as 'Knock me in an Old Kent Road,' or 'My so Ancient Dutch,' and suchly sweetish madrigals," I point him out.

"Perhapsly yes, but they cause me palpitations of the head. Let us transport ourselves to Brighton and witness the marine athletics, if any, Cousin Yogo," he impop. We arrived ourselves to Brighton at p.m., where I confess you I crimsonly blushed for shame because of Hon. Matsu's so ignoramus words.

"Look, Yogo," he exclam, "I always ventured myself to suppose that Great Britain alleged itself to be a very modern island, yet witness they harness coolies

"The Brighton rickshaw"

to vehicles instead of horses or other legitimate quadrapeds!"

"The Brighton rickshaws," I response snishishly, "are not rickshaws, but bathing-chairs which, if propelled by equines, would cause to profusely splash the water in them."

"Are the English so modestless to execute their private ablutings in the public roads or suchly legal highways, Yogo?"

"The Anglo Britons are a very nautical race"

"You have completely put your boot in the wrong leg, Matsu," I inform. "These are non-well persons who must sit on baths because it are good for their diseases. But only their feet are embathed in supremely hot mustard and water. This are very popular Anglo remedial for nose distempers and chills on the head."

My so profoundish knowledge concerning re Anglo British customs, caused to stagger with amazements Hon. Matsu and made him to feel profusely small potatoes. This should produce him much good, because he are chock with conceits and other sinful prides, which I flatter to suppose not anybody can accuse me to possess. We nextly paid some cashes to preamble upon a semi-maritime structure that shot itself into the sea from the land.

"The best place of all to endure a Bank Holiday"

"Consider to yourself, Yogo, the adolescent person who is emitting stomach evolutions in the small ship," Matsu ejacule. "He must have committed very illegal crimes to be suffering this sentence."

"To the contrary," I inform, "he are enduring extreme enjoyments. The Anglo Britons are a very nautical race and dote to toss themselves on the waves and other marine perks."

I shall not make to bore you with any more of Hon. Matsu's so intelligentless commentings and interogs which I have sufficiently depicted to show cause why I shall simulate a distemper in my bed nextly Easter which, I hesitatelessly believe, are the best place of all to endure a Bank or other act of parliament Monday.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you are suffering to be in the very best of pink,

I remain,

Yogo Hama

THE BYSTANDER £500 GOLF TROPHY

TUESDAY, MAY 5th. LONDON COUNTRY CLUB, HENDON

TWO years ago the proprietors of THE BYSTANDER presented a handsome Silver Challenge Trophy, valued at £500, for a golf competition which, both from the novelty of its conditions and the unusual beauty of the Trophy, attracted widespread interest in golfing circles last year and the year before. The third year's competition for the Trophy is to be fought over the London Country Club's course at Hendon on Tuesday, May 5. It is to be a mixed foursome (professional partnered by a lady), played over thirty-six holes. About seventy couples are being invited from clubs within a 30-mile radius of London. Professionals will be rated at plus 4, and their lady partners limited to 14 handicap L.G.U., each pair receiving three-eighths of the combined handicap.

THE BYSTANDER CHALLENGE TROPHY

Which is held by the winners for one year. It is valued at £500

THE Trophy is a handsome silver centre-piece representing a *combat à l'outrance* between the Earl of Douglas and Hotspur at the battle of Otterburn in 1388. James, the 2nd Earl of Douglas, is mounted on a charger; on his shield are plainly visible the Douglas arms, which the present Marquis of Queensberry now bears. Hotspur—the redoubtable Henry Percy, the 1st Earl of Northumberland's eldest son—is represented by the dismounted figure, bearing on his shield the crest of the Percy family. The centre-piece was made in 1855. It shows extraordinarily fine finish and workmanship, and is valued at £500.

Sound Sense

BY STAN TERRY

"Tell me, is having the ears pierced for ear-rings painful?"

"Not half so much as allowing them to be bored for an engagement ring"

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Depressed!"

MES AMIS—

ALWAYS wanting an excuse, to crack another bottle of St. Marceaux, we have it in Sacha Guitry. Which is one source of bright bubbles in a bleak world. Sacha is a prince of pleasure. Not only is he the possessor of the golden key, but he has the gift of being able to turn it, to turn and turn again. His golden key is this, that the essential idea of a comedy is that it shall entertain. Heaps of playwrights seem to have all sorts of ideas about comedies except this one They worry about plots and colour and "situations" and all the little technicalities. Sacha just gets on with the fun, letting the technicalities drop in now and again, like very poor relations who must be received some time but only as a matter of form and without enthusiasm.

SACHA'S latest piece, "*On ne joue pas pour s'amuser*," is a perfect lesson for most of his rivals. If they would but profit by it, there would be reason to drop the call for a brighter Paris. Paris wants to be cheered up. Really it is about all Paris does want at present, for the bulk of Parisians are just about as depressed as it is possible for a traditionally gay city to be, largely on account of the multiplicity of kicks and the paucity of ha'pence.

TO the pathetic ranks of the world's unknown heroes must be added the humorists of Paris, who are expected to furnish daily some four hundred words of quip and jest. Read their *rubrique* and your heart will bleed with sympathy. They find it beyond their strength to throw off their load of sorrows. Even the light-hearted Maurice Prax confesses that it is hard, very hard, to feel cheerful. Only Sacha Guitry is able to keep bright his mechanism of merriment.

AND yet he proclaims in the title of his piece that actors "do not play for fun." That is the one criticism against his fifty-fifth addition to his pyramid of plays. If the Guitry family, Sacha, Lucien and Yvonne, do not experience as much delight in high-spirited acting of this airy nothing as the audience takes in watching, then they are the greatest dissemblers who ever mounted a stage. I think most Parisians would offer odds that the people who get most fun out of it are Sacha and Yvonne, particularly Yvonne, who is possibly the happiest actress who ever hopped, skipped, and danced.

WHEN first I met her she was singing and Sacha remarked to me, "My wife is always singing." That is a few years ago now, but Yvonne Printemps still sings as happily as ever. Her study of a *débutante* who Spoonerises all her lines because she is terrorised by stage-fright is the sort of thing that one laughs over in recollection for a week, Alone, it is worth a journey across the Channel.

"Terrorised by stage-fright"

THERE would be no point in telling you the plot of this comedy, for of all its contents that is what matters least. Presumably what Sacha Guitry means by his title is, not that actors do not enjoy acting, but that they take their job seriously. That, really, is the basis of the story; but all the fun of the evening is in the trimmings—and the evening is very full. May Sacha live long to take his job as seriously as this.

THERE is another *étoile* of the Paris stage who takes her work, and almost everything associated with it, quite as seriously. This is Mistinguett. When novices are resting on oars that have churned up very little water, Mlle. "Miss" is rehearsing like an apprentice. If she had to start again at the beginning she would overtake the majority of those on the road by mere application, apart from talent Judge how thoroughly she does everything by the way she set about finding a name for a house.

SHE has just bought a country residence at Bougival, famous in the days of Guy de Maupassant—who found "plots" in the damp restaurants on the banks of the Seine. To discover the ideal name she arranged a fête, and invited *danseurs* and *danseuses*, actors and actresses, managers and manageresses, light and heavy comedians, wits and singers, and writers. To impress upon you that it was a *rustique* fête, you had to carry your own plate to the kitchen. (The keen-eyed man standing by the *chef* had a marked resemblance to the hawk-eye who "fixes" deadheads at the Casino de Paris.)

THEN there was a referendum on the name of the house, the majority voting for "Mon Home," which seemed an apt souvenir of Mistinguett's immensely successful song, "Mon

(Continued on page 176)

A Study in Relativity

Topical

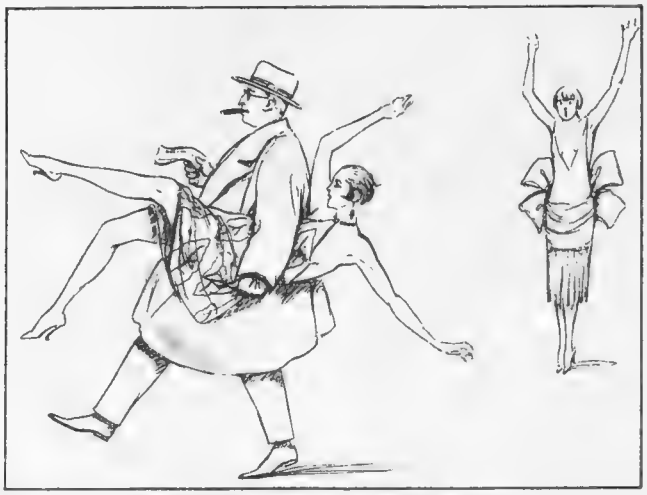
The Irvin Sisters, Marcelle and Géneviève, who have been dancing in Paris in "Vive La Femme" at the Palace

Homme." But "Miss," on reflection, thought the pun would not be understood by sufficiently wide circles, so it was not accepted. To be candid, there were not many who deplored this, for everybody who was there will be delighted to go again and have another referendum.

ONE hopes that Mistinguett did not miss any of her crockery after the feast, and that all her guests were content with the dainty little presents she bestowed. This reflection is provoked by the story of a banquet given by another famous artist, the aggressively unconventional painter, Van Dongen. There are no complaints against the food. It is unanimously agreed to have been a *souper froid*, when a guest sought to compliment Van Dongen with the remark, "This is truly original," the bluff painter is reported to have answered, "That's not my reason at all. Last time half my cutlery disappeared."

"At the first sight of a French Can-Can!"

THERE are no confines, apparently, to the things visitors will take. An American buyer for one of the New York dress-making houses knocked all the breath out of the body of one of the Rue de la Paix *couturiers* by his startling method of evolving a short cut out of a difficulty that threatened to "put a crimp in things," as they vividly say. He was fascinated by a particular frock, but his business instinct told him that it was doubtful if it would be a success in his New York "parade" unless it could be displayed by the *mannequin* who was wearing it. "I'll buy that model," he announced, "but I must have the *mannequin* as well." "You can't do that," said the *couturier*, "I don't sell *mannequins*." "I want the frock and I want to engage the *mannequin* to show it—to avoid all difficulties I'll marry her," rejoined the American.



"Buying the mannequin as well as the frock"

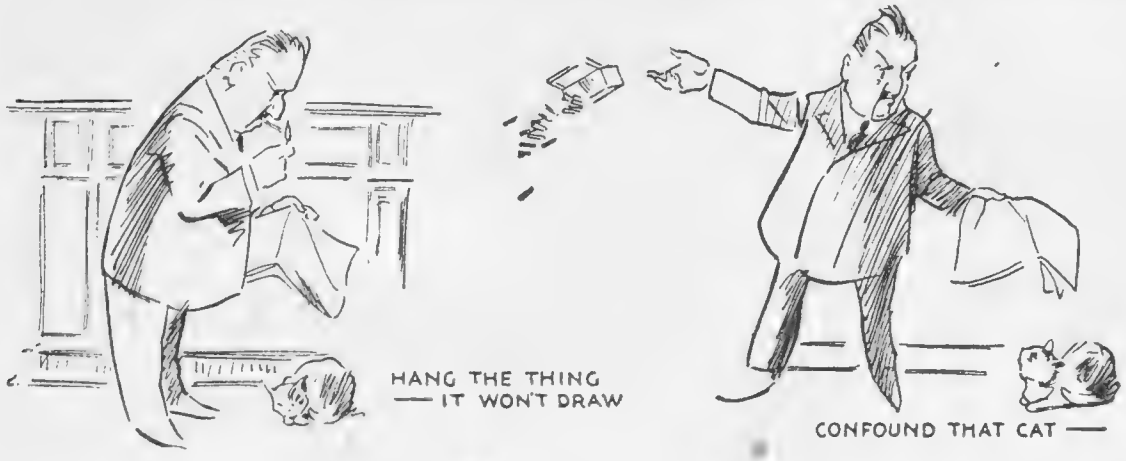
"*magnifique*," and the guests were rather more delighted than dismayed when they found they had to eat with their fingers, that there were neither knives nor forks—for it was described as a *souper sauvage*, and this was a *repas* really Bohemian and new. But Which is all right for this frock, but what will happen if the next fascinating gown does not suit Madame's manner of presentation.

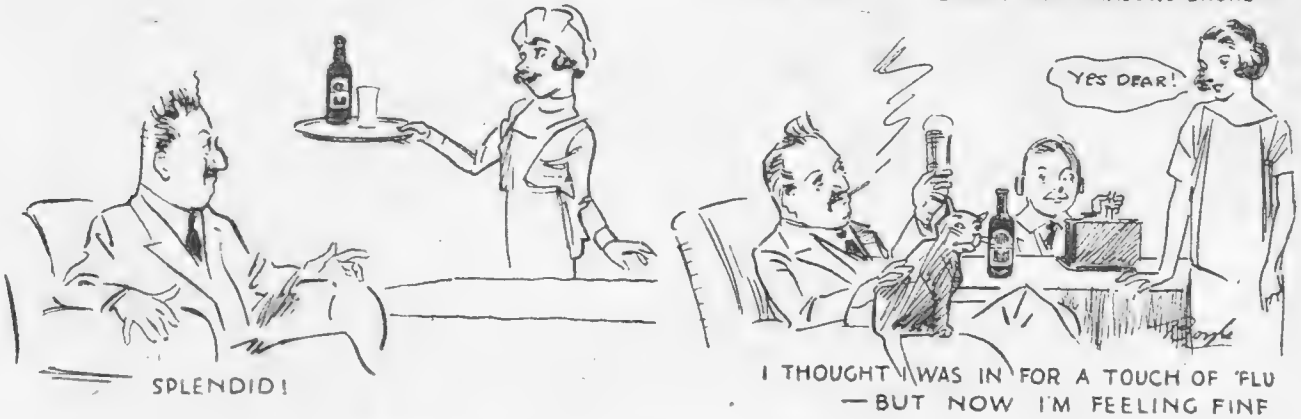
WE have to thank visitors for furnishing us with a new game of chance with a "human" touch. You know there are *charabanc* excursions around Paris after dark, over-thrillingly advertised as "Paris-la-Nuit." Included in this rather unexciting ride, by recent decision, is a peep into the Bal Tabarin, where the very antiquated high-kicking dance boomed under the name of French Can-Can is in progress at the moment of arrival. The game is to forecast correctly the number of the excursionists who will fail to respond when the guide calls the roll for the resumption of the journey, the accurate guesser capturing the "pool." Cunning gamesters tot up the number of those who look most shocked at the first sight of the dance. The guide, from experience, insists on payment for the whole excursion in advance. RENÉ

A RHYTHMIC HANDSHAKE? G. P. A.

Two members of a new School of Art and Physical Culture in Hamburg indulging in a few early morning reflections in an artistic setting

HOW TO OVERCOME LIFES LITTLE WORRIES ——





Worthington

MAKES HOME SWEET HOME!

Central News

ROYALTY IN THE FIELD OF SPORT

The Queen of Yugo-Slavia (left) with her mother, the Queen of Rumania, at a shooting expedition held on the Yugo-Slavian Government Estate at Belje. The King's country house is on this estate, which is situated in the extreme north of Yugo-Slavia

So This is Summer (Time)

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"People are beginning to talk about parties"

LONDON, *April* 12

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT a whirling world and dashing sort of universe we do live in, to be sure. Only just rather doubtfully decided, we have, in a sort of non-committal way, that Spring may perhaps be admitted to have arrived (in parts), when lo and behold, here we are plunged right into Summer Time this next Sunday, as ever is.

WHICH, of course, isn't always to be taken too much *au pied de la lettre*, as the saying goes, but just think of the mere moral effect, not to say benefit, of sitting down to dinner in daylight and getting in, even if you're one of the world's workers, perhaps half a round of golf or a couple of sets of lawn tennis before that. Thus adding, *n'est ce pas*, such a rich and otherwise unattainable flavour, even to the humblest steak and kidney pud. (as Mr. Davy Burnaby puts it), not to mention the *délices de sole* and *noisettes de pré-salé* of our wealthier evenings, as must make our immediate ancestors (who knew not Mr. Willett) turn quite emerald with envy in the Elysian Fields.

"Tore madly from platform to platform"

AND to such fortunate ones as happen to possess a garden, which is, as the poet says—

A lovesome thing, God wot . . .

there comes now that most fascinating hour of all. That last late one in which we go tilling or planting on in the gathering dusk, all near and close to the good red earth, or even merely just lingering longingly amid its scents and sounds, till we get an urgent summons to come in right away to the festal board, feeling oh so clean and all washed through with the fragrant (and quite frequently nippy) April air.

WASN'T it too frightfully sad for our poor old predecessors that they never knew the poignant joys of that extra hour—all the more delightful because it arrives so sudden like and all of a heap? But, of course, they never guessed what they were missing, and anyway would have been horribly horrified at the idea, I'm sure, as going contrary to nature, and all that sort of thing. Wonderful, really, and also how lucky it is, we're all so pleasantly and completely satisfied with one period, whatever it is. Though, of course, we do keep on progressing all the time, and, of course, this particular one of the moment's absolutely just right, isn't it, what?

BUT talking of this so-called Summer Time, really are beginning to be some signs around of anyway the distant approach of that (sometimes) delectable season. Quite busy R.A.'s and the people are, *par exemple*, over the pictures for their show that starts only about a fortnight or so hence, and is commonly and generally allowed and accepted to be the very first landmark and semi-official jumping-off place for the summer Season. And there's to be a quite extra striking Lavery, I hear, of Steve Donoghue in the jockey's room at Ascot, as well as one of Lady L., also quite half a dozen Orpens, though none, probably, from Mr. Augustus John. And much smaller pictures than usual, they tell me, are mostly the rule and vogue of the moment.

MAX is back from Rapallo, too, and is giving, of course, another of those shows of his, which are always an occasion, but he could hardly hope to *épater* us quite so much this year after what happened last, when there was such a lot of chat about his Royal cartoons, and some people seemed to want to have him up for *lèse-majesté*, or something. Besides, rather difficult for us to acquire any further shocks these days, after seeing those Norman Lindsay ones mit nodings on at those same Leicester Galleries, where Max is showing, too.

LIKEWISE, actually Wembley's coming along soon, May 6 to be correct, with, of course, all sorts of new attractions announced, and I do hope this time that one of 'em will be *rather* better trains home when the show's all over. Shall never forget—shall you?—those

Boats will be cheaper"

hectic times when we tore madly from platform to platform because not one of the officials, apparently, had the faintest idea of what train started from where or when. And just as after a great struggle you'd got comfortably settled in your No. 3 train, you'd find it was quite a good one, but travelled the wrong way, and there was one all ready to start from No. 1—and no possible way of getting to it in time unless you were a bird or pretty hot stuff at miracle-working.

卐

Also, people are coming back from the Riviera thick and fast, "following the swallows back home," as Mr. Laddie Cliff or someone puts it, though there's still some left all the same at Cannes and places. And people are beginning to talk about parties and hostesses of the Season. And, above all, even the old Thames boatmen have woke up, and are proclaiming to the world in loud and stentorian tones that boats will be cheaper from to-day—and not before it was needed, either. But I suppose last year's slump learned 'em something—what?

卐

We still cherish *some* old-fashioned touches, by the way—talking of changing modes—one whereof is to be found in that rather swee-eet new comedy, *The Sea Urchin*, that they've just put on at the Strand. Peggy O'Neil's the fearfully bright and bouncing heroine, and when she's brought in fainting from the wreck someone actually suggests cutting her stay-laces to help her get her breath! And, what's more, they actually *do* it, too—though what good *that'd* do or

"Summer Time"

where they'd find 'em, am sure *I* don't quite know. So very American Peggy is in this play, by the way, and keeps on saying "Gee" and "Hell" all the time, which, of course, is just what all the best (stage) Americans do do, isn't it?—only some real Americans I met in the audience didn't seem to have heard about it yet, which is a bit surprising, don't you think?

卐

Quite a bit of bottled summer sunshine this show—what? And one of the nastiest knocks yet for the gloomy ones who are shaking their highly respectable heads so sadly over the so-called decadence of the London stage and worrying themselves and us (I don't think) over what's to be done about it. Too much sex-drama, says one of the solemn ones. Alas! for such idle, empty-headed, and futile frivolity, *sans* all serious purpose, moaneth another. And all because there was a bit of a pre-Easter slump such as has happened, I'm told, from time immemorial, seeing that if the world *qui s'amuse* is saving up to cut a bit of a holiday dash, it naturally stays home for a while and saves up the price of its pit or stall tickets to blew at Brighthelmstone or gay *Paris*.

卐

Now Easter's over, there's lots more revelries to look ahead to—the Stage Guild Ball, for one, at Covent Garden this very next Thursday, with all sorts of lovely prizes, including a thirty-five-guinea model gown.

With love, yours ever,

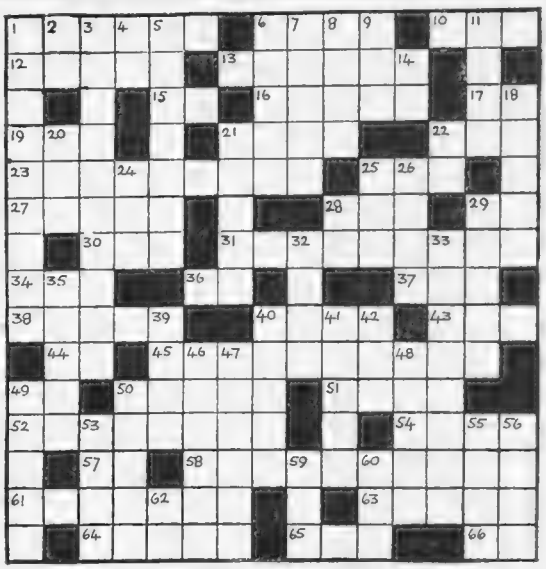
Blanchette

MAINLY THEATRICAL

"The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

Three Prizes of One Guinea each will be given to the first three correct solutions opened. Fill in your solution in ink, also your name and address in the space provided.

Solutions must be marked "Cross-words" on the envelope. All solutions received in unmarked envelopes will be disqualified. All answers must be addressed to The Editor, The Bystander, Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, E.C. 4, and must reach us by first post on Monday morning, April 20. The Editor's decision is final.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 10

Name.....

Address.....

CLUES:

ACROSS

1. What the orchestra supplies.
6. Terms of temporary release.
10. Ancient.
12. The heroine in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
13. A famous scene-painter.
15. Preposition.
16. Theatrical term for "Company."
17. "Name or Names" (Prayer Book).
19. Order of the British Empire.
21. Everybody's goal.
22. The wrong thing to do at the theatre.
23. What the Actor's Orphanage wants.
25. Prefix signifying "new."
27. Proportion of one thing to another. Quite untheatrical.
28. Where each of the forty thieves hid.
29. Proposed modern "spelin."
30. For refreshers, legal and otherwise.
31. Greek tragedian. Author of "Electra."
34. My (Italian).
36. Another preposition.
37. Nothing.
38. What some dramatic criticism amounts to.
40. All we could get in of a very long dog.
43. Used to be "home-brewed."
44. Steamship (Initials).
45. How theatre managers must work these days.
49. That chap.
50. The Bamboula.
51. Yet another preposition.
52. Cynics sometimes say it is the best part of the show.
54. Traditional Irishman's attitude towards the Government.
57. That chap again (French).
58. Gets nowhere in life.
61. Author of "The Light that Failed."
63. Scottish dances.
64. Famous Irish dramatist.
65. Referring to her maiden name.
66. The usual French "And."

DOWN

1. Usually at the Lyceum.
2. The (Spanish).
3. What Pecksniff calls night clubs.
4. Ounce.
5. Marie the Mimic.
6. Some say Shakespeare's "ghost."
7. Mrs. Gamp's elusive friend.
8. Image favoured by late Czar.
9. Mr. Lake, the Revue Producer.
11. The great Dan.
14. Disastrous initials on cheque.
18. Patron saint of burlesque.
20. Something for her dainty throat.
21. Theatre Manager (Semitic).
22. Said to a goose.
24. Own (Scots).
25. "Forty winks."
26. Emerald Isle.
28. Journalists' Institute (Initials).
29. "Our" Miss Farren (of the Old Gaiety).
32. Back of the Stage.
33. "All the words."
35. The great Henrik.
39. Always.
40. The "Holmes" man.
41. London theatre.
42. "Jerry."
46. Miss Ethel, the distinguished actress.
47. Moated in Melodrama.
48. Kind of theatre some ask for.
49. The versatile Seymour.
50. "Little Mary" (in dreadfully plain English).
53. "Perks."
55. The "resting" actor
56. Something to feather.
59. Sylvan deity.
60. "Brief madness."
62. More preposition.

The solution to our Cross-Word Puzzle Competition of April 1, with names of the five winners, will be found on page 192

Because youth glories in youth, will youth be ever prodigal of its energy. Yet, if care be taken, to-day's expenditure will not impoverish the future. Nerve-strength must be maintained if promise is to be fulfilled.

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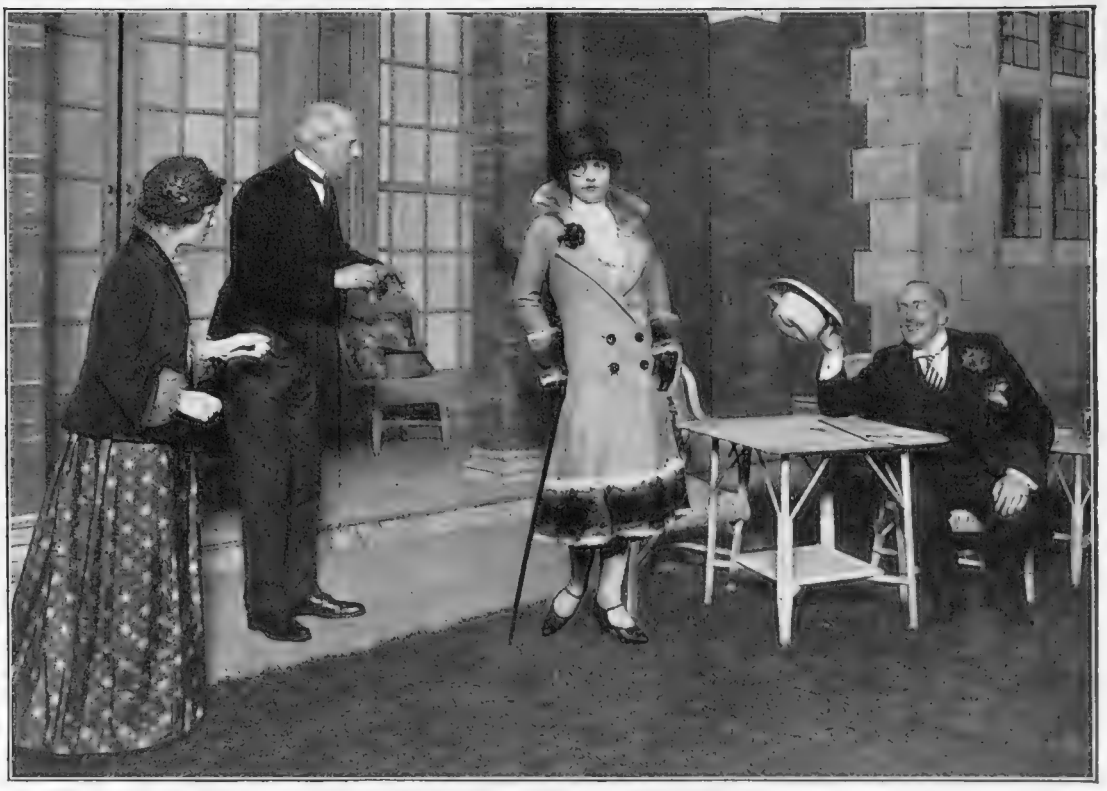
The Last Straw on the Critic's Back

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

[The Editor apologises profusely to the theatrical profession in general, and to players and producers in particular, but if they will fix their first performances for the same night something of this sort is bound to occur.]



WHEN THEY TOLLED THE BELLE

Miss Rose Marie, as Sybil Rhoder, a mannequin girl, inadvertently steps from Drury Lane to The Strand Theatre in response to a "belle" summons in a performance of "The Sea Urchin"

When Alfonsus Curdle was dismissed from the staff of the world's most important newspaper, people generally attributed his disaster to senility or an attack of want-more-itis.

Alfonsus was a good critic, patient, wise and merciful. For perhaps thirty years he "saw everything." When he began it was the custom to hold only one "first night" on a given date, but gradually it became fashionable for managers to steal each other's dates. Thus from two first performances in one evening the score leapt to seven, and poor Alfonsus, who tried to deal faithfully with them all, listening to some while he listened-in to others, had something like a complete mental breakdown.

Nothing else can explain his handing in of the following as a piece of dramatic criticism, at midnight after the simultaneous first production of no less than fifteen new pieces:

HARD-BOILED HAMLET

New Composite Drama at the Chaffmarket Theatre.

"It is the tendency to-day to choose for theme some divagation of the degenerates, and last night's play was no exception to the rule. The scenes are in Denmark, Nevada, the Canadian Rockies and London, and the author is evidently of opinion that the morals of the inhabitants of all these places are equally bad.

"Hamlet, the protagonist of the disport, is married to a woman who is fascinated by the genius for amusement possessed by certain evil inhabitants of the Canadian back blocks. With a view to curing her of her foolishness he takes up a lodging in Nevada, where it is easy to get a divorce after six months residence.

"Staying about at this hotel is a remarkable person called Lightnin', who is hiding from a girl with whom, through no fault of his own, he has spent the preceding night in a ship's cabin. This quaint character insists on having an Overman-tel in his bedroom, as a charm.

"When Hamlet meets Lightnin' he breaks into a soliloquy, which probably is destined to become a classic. 'I want to be happy,' says he, 'but I won't be happy till I make you happy, too. Life's really worth living when we are mirth-giving, why can't I give some to you? When skies are grey and you say you are blue, I'll send the sun smiling through. I want to be happy, but I won't be happy till I make you happy, too.' The actor's delivery of this remarkable piece of philosophy brought tears to the eyes of a spell-bound audience.

"In the meantime, where is Mrs. Lancaster? She has been having, it seems, a 'too divayne' time at the races with Amos Purdie, and has had more than a fair share of luck at the sport of kings. But her joy is not unalloyed. Her husband intends to divorce her, because he believes her son not to be his own. Hamlet tackles his mother on the question, but she stands by her guns, and both are given the large-beaked bird vulgarly known as the pelican.

"In the meantime Rose-Marie has taken refuge in a nunnery. In this act, however, she emerges and goes mad because the first-night audience did not send her flowers. She throws two bottles of ink, one black and one red, in order to give Ernest's servants something to do when the time comes for spring-cleaning, and then talks Welsh to 'Owen Nares *bach*' in order to provide grounds for divorce.

"Lightnin' at last sees his opportunity, and pretending that Beatrice Lillie, who was washed up by the sea at the beginning of Act 1, is his own child, poisons Cesare Borgia and bribes Machiavelli to keep silence with a purse of boodle.

"Three months pass. It is now June. Hamlet is discovered drinking Buchanan, or it may be Dewar. On the couch lies Lydia Languish, so called because she is the daughter of Lightnin', and behind the curtain is a fierce desperado known throughout Denmark as 'Hard-Boiled Herman.'

"Hamlet *bach* says that he is the sole survivor of the Wynchebeke family. At this point the gallery booed, which is probably why the piece is called 'The Bam-boo-la.'

"Cesare Borgia returns to life, smashes the Overman-tel, kisses Mrs. Lancaster, and then sits on the settee with his arms round Peggy O'Neil in spite of the fact that she is engaged to Captain Absolute.

"In this compromising position they are discovered, of course, by 'Hard-Boiled Herman,' who throws the trunk of cocaine out of the window.

"The second act opens quite quietly. Hamlet's wooden leg has been replaced by a real one, and Panthasilea Degli Speranzoni proves not to have been drowned after all. The ship which threw the sea-urchin ashore is refloated, and Miss Gertrude Lawrence, to everyone's horror, returns to America. The hit of this act is a duet between Polonius and the Bamboula of Corona, in which they both agree that there is something rotten in the state of musical comedy.

"Hamlet, as may well be guessed, is a failure in the circus. He cannot clown, although coached in youth by Yorick,

"POSTMAN'S KNOCK!"

A temperamental dancing postman straight from the Coliseum (an important branch of the G.P.O. in St. Martin's Lane) drops a brick—evidently with quite sufficient "stamps"—in the middle of a scene from "The Sea Urchin."

and Mrs. Malaprop gets all the laughs. Her tee-to-tum number in which she falls three times from the roof of the theatre into the big drum moved a rapt audience to tears. The two girls were beautifully played by Hail and Binnie June.

"Queen Gertrude could not keep out of the night-clubs, and in practically every Nevada saloon she was known as some baby in the high spots. It was the first time America had ever seen a dancing mother, and one was not therefore surprised to find that a play had been written about it. When the bad girl was brought in from the streets, the King called for lights, and everybody had dinner.

"This remarkable drama was superbly interpreted. Mr. John Barrymore was the Hard-boiled Hamlet of our dreams. Bacon would have been proud of him, though I prefer them soft-boiled and even fried with bacon. Mr. Matheson Lang was a superb Bamboula and sang himself into the hearts of all. Mr. David Garrick with characteristic modesty contented himself with a small part. The best of the ladies were June, July, August, and September.

"What the English theatre is coming to we do not know. When we are coming to, the English theatre does not know. What you are coming to, my patient friends, is the end of this critical study.

"(P.S.—The wigs were by Clarkson, and the shingles by Seashore, Ltd.)"

A PICKED BERRY FROM THE ADELPHI

The Bamboula (always the little gentleman) makes himself quite at home in the middle of a dramatic moment in "Rose Marie" at Drury Lane

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

At G.H.Q.

WEDNESDAY will see the first day's racing of the year at Newmarket. Many of us will be glad to get back to headquarters again, for, taking it on the whole, the sport at Newmarket is incomparable. Whether you stay in the town or travel to and from the meeting each day by the excellent service of specials from Liverpool Street or King's Cross, you will find a great charm about the Craven fixture. I can never understand why this should be one of the quietest gatherings of the year at G.H.Q., for the racing is invariably of great interest. If for nothing else, one can find genuine pleasure in it by reason of its two-year-old events, which usually bring to notice a few champions of the future. In addition, you have a chance of spotting the winner of the coming classic events in the weight-for-age races. Of these the most important is the Craven Stakes, to be run on Friday.

Classic Three-Year-Olds

BOTH Picaroon and Saucy Sue, favourites respectively for the Derby and the Oaks, are entered here, but I understand that Alec Taylor does not intend to bring either of them out until Guineas week. They have wintered well. About a month ago there was some sort of an "if" about Saucy Sue, but it was nothing to cause alarm, and the filly has lately been doing normal work. It is practically certain, therefore, that she will take her place in the One Thousand field a fortnight hence. Her stable companion, Miss Gadabout, who shows great promise, is to be given a race at Pontefract next week. If the Manton stable is represented in the Craven Stakes it will probably be by Cross Bow, but he will have to improve enormously upon his form last autumn to have a reasonable prospect of success.

A Derby Outsider

SIR GEORGE BULLOUGH'S colours are likely to be prominent in the Craven. He has three to choose from, namely,

BY "THE TOUT"

H. JELLISS

The popular horseman who is riding as first jockey to Basil Jarvis's stable this season. He began well by riding the first winner of the flat race season

St. Becan, El Cacique, and Ethnarch, and each is a colt of quality. Rumour has it that the best of the batch is the first-named. Indeed, I am warned not to be greatly surprised if St. Becan should win the Derby. Last autumn, I am assured, Jack Jarvis galloped this colt very favourably with El Cacique, and on the strength of that trial he has been backed during the winter for the Derby. So far as public form is concerned, there is not much to be said about St. Becan. All we know is that he won his only race in a canter, but it is clear that Jack Jarvis, who is one of the best judges of the day, thinks a great deal of him.

Craven Winners

ANOTHER Newmarket colt now being freely discussed in connection with the Derby is Solario. Obviously we must take him into account by reason of the fine show he made in the Middle Park Stakes. He looked then to be capable of great improvement, though it is doubtful whether he will be forward enough to run for the Craven Stakes. Manna is also entered for Friday's race, but, like some of the other cracks, he may be kept back for the Guineas. A probable runner is **Vitality,** and I shall make him my selection. I was impressed with what this colt did at Newbury recently. On the opening day of the meeting comes the Spring Stakes, for which it does not seem worth while looking beyond **Diomedes** for the winner. In the absence of that crack, who is also engaged in the Severals Stakes, ZIONIST may score. In the Column Produce Stakes on Thursday, **Sparus,** should repeat his Newbury success. **Ethnarch** may win the Wood Ditton Stakes. Next week we have the Epsom Spring Meeting, where **Kwannon** may again win the Great Metropolitan Stakes. The "City" I can deal with in next week's notes.

POLO NOTES . . . . . By A. W. Coaten

The Indian Team

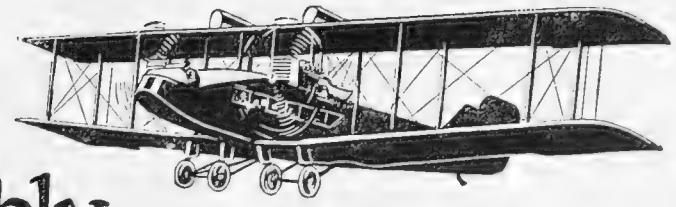
POLO-PLAYERS will be interested to see how the Indian visitors shape when they come up against the best team at the London clubs. Much depends, of course, upon whether their ponies will be in good trim after their recent voyage from the East. The Maharajah of Jodhpur is not the man to do things by halves, and in sending his team all the way to England we may be sure that he has seen they are adequately mounted. They have brought more than fifty ponies with them, and as many of these played successfully in the best tournaments in India during the winter they can be taken as typical of the best ponies in the East to-day. They are not likely to be so big as the ponies ordinarily used in London polo, but they will have speed and great handiness, and, provided they become properly acclimatised, they are likely to hold their own against many of our best ponies. The visitors will not begin really serious polo until the June tournaments, and by that time their ponies will have had a reasonable interval in which to shake off the effects of their long sea-trip.

International Possibles

MEANWHILE the Indians are to take part in the tournament at Minehead next week. Granted good weather, this will give them an agreeable first experience of English polo, for the ground at Dunster is one of the best in the country. Captain A. H. Williams, who is acting for the Maharajah in command of the team, will have a good opportunity of showing his qualifications as a high-class player this year. Those who have seen him play in India declare that he is a forward of the genuine International type, yet it must be confessed that he has never touched that form in this country. Perhaps he will do better now that he is to ride ponies to which he is accustomed. The game in this country is badly in need of players of his stamp. Another Anglo-Indian player of the International type is Captain J. P. Dening, but, like Captain Williams, he labours under the disadvantage of never having done quite so well at home as he has done in the East. Possibly he has never had a great chance here, but he is one of those who are marked down for trial in view of the next matches for the International Cup.

The Native Players

COMING straight from the hard, fast grounds of India, it is hardly to be expected that the native Jodhpur players will distinguish themselves immediately. But it is remarkable how well notable Indian players in the past have settled down to the novel conditions of the game in London. Only two years have passed since Jaswant Singh and Jogindra Singh, brought over from Patiala by the Comte de Madre, dazzled us by their splendid stick-work. They rapidly acquired such a reputation here that the Handicapping Committee put them up to 10 points; but that was rather an overestimate of their ability, and they were soon brought down again. I have pleasant memories of the grand polo which General Chunda Singh displayed here some years ago, and I am glad to learn that the veteran is still going strong in the game. Going further back, I recall Dokkal Singh, who was one of the finest players ever seen either at home or abroad. I am curious to observe how Rao Rajah Hanut Singh and the other native members of the Jodhpur team compare with these great Indian players of the past.



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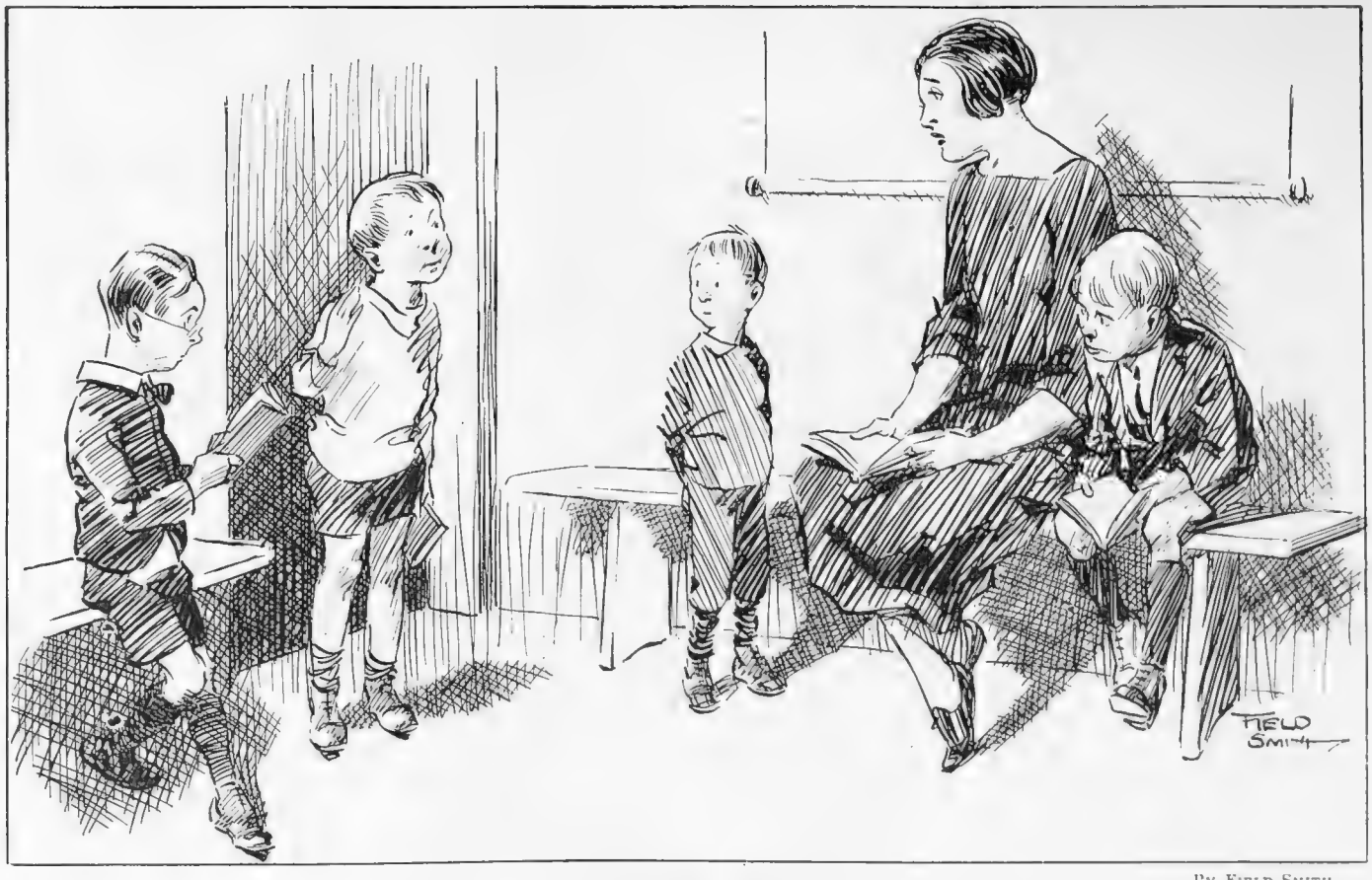

By Field Smith

A SHINING LIGHT

Teacher: "The sun is much larger than the earth"

Pupil: "Please, teacher, why don't it keep off the rain, then?"

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MATERIAL POINTS

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

Vulgarity has achieved a certain vogue, and, as representing a fashionable firm, I propose to allow myself an occasional excursion into vulgarity, and to become crudely material.

The crudely material fact is that the House of Pope and Bradley is easily the first and greatest of the producers of men's tailoring in Europe. It is first in artistry and commerce, and the Income Tax receipts are an unpleasant confirmation of what amounts to commercial success in these preposterously over-taxed days.

I resent the application of my money—and even if a new battleship were to be built on the fruits of my alleged profits, and, as a delicate attention, named after this House, "H.M.S. Pope and Bradley," I would still rather dispense with the compliment and retain the cash.

But to return to the material.

There is no false modesty in the bald statement that this House has led the fashions in the West End for the last decade, and there is a material difference between originating a fashion and merely following it in sheep-like subservience.

And still material.

This House is controlled by Artistry, but the quaint fact is that its prices are more moderate than many other less eminent West End tailors. There is, of course, a fly in the ointment. The fly, in this case, is that Pope and Bradley require cash when their clothes are completed, not when they are worn out. It is pleasanter to receive their value from the client than from his executors.

The material argument is that when executors are given credit, the living, who pay cash, are compelled to pay higher prices to compensate for the loss of interest caused by that credit. So, in credit establishments, the man who pays cash pays for the man who owes.

Most material of all.

However excellent the artistry, it is wasted unless the material be of the best. The House of Pope and Bradley deals only in the finest materials with the aim that each garment produced should be a credit to its reputation.

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WOOD-CARVING—one of the earliest means by which man expressed his artistic instinct—is anterior to history, and of Biblical fame.

The first application probably was to the decoration of weapons, in which art the earliest savages, with their rude tools, were masters.

Specimens of Egyptian wood-carving, which are the earliest in history, display a high degree of technical skill, while India, too, has a centuries-old reputation for wood-work.

In England there are traces of prehistoric and Roman wood-carving, but the art was undeveloped here before the Renaissance, and the time of such men as Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons.

Styles come and go, but the tools and the manner of their use are now very much the same as they have been for centuries.

Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship —hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

IT must be a great bore to be the husband of a celebrity, whether she be merely a professional beauty, a famous actress, a novelist who sells in her millions, or a politician. No man cares to be entirely and permanently eclipsed by his wife. And yet it may be that even the least pushful of husbands has in him qualities which, if used rightly, will win for him a success even bigger than his wife's. That, more or less, is the theme of Mr. S. P. B. Mais's new novel, *Eclipse* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.* net).

❀

IT is all very vivid and dramatic, and reads like the truth. Indeed, it seems to me that the book contains all the elements which go to make up a "best-seller." There is, first, the very famous Lady Ursula Wyvern. Then there is Martin, her husband, a press-cartoonist by profession. And there is, to complete the triangle, one Jill, a mannequin who, contrary to the public's view of her profession, remains natural and unspoilt, even in night clubs.

❀

THE old triangle, however, is given a new sort of twist. Lady Ursula, a wife only in name, refuses to divorce Martin, and takes steps to keep him which would hardly be fair even if she were really in love with him, which she is not. But good as the story is, I fancy that people will be most intrigued by the real peeps behind the scenes which Mr. Mais so freely gives them. The book is a vivid presentation of one aspect of metropolitan life, ugly, stupid, even senseless, but never uninteresting; at the same time it furnishes glimpses of a saner and more beautiful way of living, even if the London fog is unusually thick, and on the last page there is a satisfactory assurance that one man's eclipse at any rate is at an end.

❀

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN is more interesting when she is describing her pilgrimages than when she is writing a novel. *Across Europe With Satanella* (Duckworth: 15*s.* net) is the story of a trip in a motor-cycle (with side-car) which she took last year with her brother. The two travellers crossed Germany, wandered over Poland, made their way southwards through Russia, and cried "Enough" in Constantinople. Now in these days one hears many contradictory accounts of life under the Soviet régime. For the most part, however, the visitor confines his attention to Moscow, and one or two of the other large cities. Mrs. Sheridan, armed with a letter from Rakovsky, ventured into provincial towns which had seen no Englishmen since the Revolution. As is well known, she holds views about the Bolshevik administration which are not very popular in this country, but in this book, at any rate, she is more concerned to give an unbiassed account of what she saw than to air any particular views. As a result, the book with its collection of photographs is delightfully novel, a jolly volume which even a keen Fascist might enjoy. Travelling in the Near East in these days, one supposes, would not be to the liking of all of us, and Mrs. Sheridan and her brother were not always very comfortable, but the new pilgrimage was certainly worth while, and Satanella did all that could be expected of it.

❀

TWO volumes of theatrical reminiscences by distinguished actors are published almost simultaneously. Sir Squire Bancroft wrote his Recollections some time ago. Now in *Empty Chairs* (Murray: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) he takes another look back, and in a delightful book has stories to tell of many of the remarkable people he has known. There are new stories of King Edward, surely the greatest master of tact who ever lived, of Arthur Sullivan and Millais, of Ouida and Bernhardt, of "Labby" and Toole—to mention but a few, and in a final chapter there is a gracious tribute to the author's wife, one of the most exceptional women of her century. Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson likewise takes a look back, and in *A Player Under Three Reigns* (Fisher Unwin: 21*s.* net) lifts the veil modestly enough from a career of singular and well-deserved success. He, as most people know, is one of those lucky people of two arts, and his paintings are of unusual merit. It is not everybody who can say that his photograph was taken by Samuel Butler, and few are those whose Hamlet can with any justice be called "perfect." Sir Johnstone's book is a model of what such a book should be—interesting and amusing, and always individual.

Compton Collier

AN EASTER IDYLL

Mrs. Cecil Allanson, whose engagement to Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, was recently announced

❀

NOWADAYS if you say that a novel is "daring," you are liable to be misunderstood, for the epithet has almost come to mean "acutely unpleasant." Mrs. Kelly's first novel, *Why The Sphinx Smiles* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is daring insofar as it deals in an honest, outspoken fashion about a difficult domestic arrangement. A fine old man has a beautiful young wife, and he wants children. He obtains two—at a price. All very dreadful, you think. In England that sort of thing is not done. Well, it is not safe to dogmatise on these matters. In this book, Monica has two beautiful children, and her husband is not the father.

❀

BUT if you choose to leave the conventions to take care of themselves, it is just possible that some kind of retribution may overtake you. Monica's son dies on active service, and her daughter is killed in a motoring accident. The story is told very well, if without any literary distinction, and the characterisation is excellent. The Egyptian scenes are vividly done, and there is a gem of a small boy.

❀

I AM at a loss what to say of Miss Isabel Neilson's first novel, *Madonna and the Saint* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). As a picture of life in Munich since the War, it is of unusual interest; as a story it is more than a little disappointing, and leaves a not too pleasant taste in the mouth. Briefly, it is the autobiographically recorded visit of an English girl to Munich, during which she seems to be spending most of her time in warding off the advances of a handsome student who, in the Prussian way, appears to think that he has only to come and see in order to conquer. It is an outspoken book, not too carefully written.

A "Lightnin'" Study

BY HYNES

Some impressions of Horace Hodges, who has made such a success in the name part of "Lightnin'" at the Shaftesbury. Apart from acting, "Hodgey" is a confirmed playwright—he is part-author of "Grumpy"—and does most of his writing at his old-world house in Sussex

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

The time-honoured ***Punch and Judy Show,*** a familiar feature of country fairs for generations, has its origin in the following quaint legend :—

Once a year, the people used to present one of their number with a heavy stick, in token of the supreme power with which they thereby invested him. The Showman's version of the story is concerned with the unhappy end of Mr. Punch, who so grievously abused the honour that fell to him.

It's a wise old custom to take a peg of John Begg!

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FEMINA

ORIGINAL FURNITURE.

By MRS. M. VINCE

In our furniture we are frankly imitators. To be an imitator is at present a sign of good taste. Not to care for old furniture, or reproductions of it, is to be marked as uneducated, as a Philistine. But do we ever stop to think that we are not even good imitators?

The four things essential to good furniture are: that it is exactly fitted to the purpose for which it is intended, that it is well made, that it is well designed, and that it is of good wood. Since each of these four qualities is essential, you cannot say of any one of them that it is more important than the other three. But what is important is the order in which you put them. It is no good having beautiful wood if it is wasted on an ugly design, or having a good design if the workmanship is bad. Above all, it is useless to have these qualities, if the furniture is not suited to its purpose.

It is in not recognising these very simple facts that we are often bad imitators of the great furniture-makers of the eighteenth century. Some of our modern furniture very carefully reproduces the old, but much more of it is a cheap reproduction, by machinery, of the old designs, a purely superficial imitation, leaving out those essential qualities which make the best of the old furniture a delight to use as well as to see, and without which it would never have lasted long enough for us to copy it.

It is a pity that museums do not allow us to touch. To spend a quarter of an hour in examining a piece of really good old furniture, feeling as well as seeing how beautifully it is constructed, how smoothly its drawers open, how much thought has been spent in making it practical, is a much better preparation for buying old furniture than that knowledge of "periods" which is now considered a part of educated taste. It is, no doubt, very interesting to know at what time walnut was the fashionable wood, when mahogany was first used, when the shell-ornament was popular, and the cabriole leg or claw-and-ball foot came in; but it is much more useful to know that if a wardrobe is to take dresses on hangers on a central rod, it must be at least fifteen inches deep.

Behind the imitation of old furniture there is a feeling that the eighteenth century reached a final beauty in design, and that as we cannot hope to surpass it, we show our taste best by copying it. That may or may not be true, but of one thing we may be quite sure. It is that if the furniture-makers whom we copy were to come alive again to-day, they certainly would not be content simply to copy themselves.

They would find plenty of opportunity for making original furniture. What is it that gives originality its impetus? It may be a big change in the way of living, such as came at the time of the Restoration. It may be the appearance of a new wood, like the discovery of mahogany. Such opportunities as these may not come once in a generation, or even once in a century, but there have been many similar changes in the last hundred years.

One of the chief changes is the coming of the bathroom. It has made a big change in the bedroom furniture. Those ingenious eighteenth century dressing-tables with basins, and even little foot-baths, hidden in their drawers are now no longer pieces of furniture with any practical value. They are curiosities, collectors' pieces. That is one change which would set the eighteenth century furniture-maker designing new furniture, if he were working in the twentieth century.

Another great change is the coming of gas and electric stoves. If the eighteenth century furniture-maker stopped on his way to the present day in order to examine the Victorian bedroom, he would see at once how this change has affected the bedroom's use. It has made it much simpler to use bedrooms as sitting-rooms. The bedroom which has also to be used as a bathroom and possibly as a sitting-room, too; the bedroom which is only a bedroom; and the bedroom which is also a sitting-room but not a bathroom—each of these needs furniture suited to its special use, and each gives the furniture-maker a different opportunity.

A MARCH BRIDE *Rita Martin*

Mrs. Guy Vandervell, whose marriage to the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Vandervell, of 29, Holland Park, was solemnized at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, recently. She is the daughter of Mrs. Ayers, of Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood

Branger

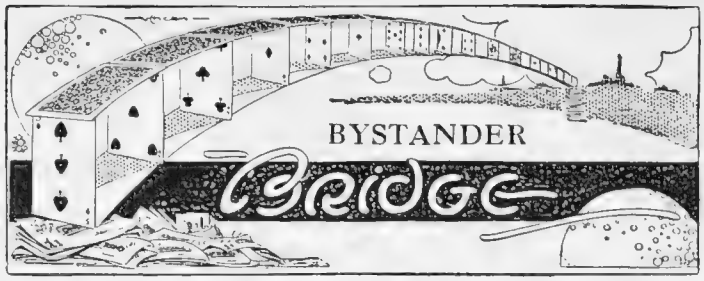
"LE SMOKING"—OR IS IT "LA"?

A new fashion from Paris for an evening dinner party. They say there is no smoke without fire!

These are examples of the changes which are always taking place. But the greatest and most recent is the coming of the very small house and of the flat. Their rooms are smaller, and they have no storing-space. That is the modern furniture problem, and it would tax all the skill of the most ingenious designers of the "combined" pieces of furniture of the eighteenth century.

To see how little it is understood by many modern designers engaged in copying old furniture, you have only to visit one of those exhibitions where small houses and bungalows and country cottages are shown. It is one of the most noticeable features of these exhibitions that the furniture is nearly always too large for the houses. It is sometimes so ludicrously too large that it is almost impossible to move about the rooms.

Although most of the furniture-makers are busy supplying the demand for reproductions of old furniture, there are others who are making modern furniture. Those who are making such furniture exactly to suit the needs of the modern house and flat, so as to give the maximum of convenience with the smaller space, are really, in essentials, much nearer the eighteenth century than those who are simply reproducing old furniture.



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

UNWILLING BRIDGE PLAYERS

A CORRESPONDENT asks me to voice the plaint of the unwilling Bridge player who is bothered to make up a table and then blackguarded for his bad play.

"You Bridgers," he writes, "are the most selfish and unscrupulous lot imaginable. There is no device to which you will not resort to rope in an unwilling player when you need a fourth. Only the other night at the Club I was made to play. I didn't want to. What was the consequence? I lost my money and was blamed by my partners. And it was not because I played badly. It was only because I was not one of the regular little clique, and did not understand all their ridiculous ways and conventions. I like a rubber of Bridge now and then, but I like to play when I feel inclined, and with players of my own calibre. I hate to be made a convenience of."

. . . . . .

I confess to a certain sympathy with my correspondent. Staying at hotels, I have found it necessary to lie and say I don't play Bridge except at Clubs. If you once consent to make up a rubber your life is made a burden. All sorts of people pounce upon you after luncheon and dinner every day, and insist upon being made up.

You can't shake them off. Once it is known that you are a Bridge player you get no peace. You can't write a letter or sit down quietly to read without being badgered and pestered to "make up."

It never occurs to these tiresome and tedious people that you may not desire their company, and that they sometimes turn the game into a nightmare.

. . . . . .

From *The Casino Gazette*, an amusing little type-written journal circulated at intervals amongst the card-players at a certain London Club, I quote the following:

"The Bridge-Partners' Protection Association" have sent us a copy of their Rules which they suggest should be adopted by all Bridge-playing Clubs. For the information of members of the Casino we give the Rules in full:—

RULES.

1. Any player going down more than 200 points (after allowing for honours) without his call having been supported by his partner, shall forfeit to the partner the money equivalent of the points lost in excess of 200.

2. Any player who loses a game by failing to play trumps shall pay his partner the value of 500 points.

3. Any player who makes an original call without top honours, or two outside tricks in lieu, or who "goes to bed" with an Ace, shall stand his partner a dinner.

4. Any player whose countenance causes his partner discomfort or uneasiness shall, "on the partner's demand," wear a mask.

5. Any players sporting ties, shirts, waistcoats, socks or handkerchiefs of violent hues shall, at their partners' request, furnish the latter with smoked glasses for use during the rubber.

(A large assortment of masks and smoked glasses on view at Buckshee's Bargain Basement.—ADVT.)

. . . . .

Various suggestions have been made for shortening rubbers. I think the best is that we should revert to the scoring of the old original game of Bridge where either side scores the value of the tricks made, thus making it possible for either side to go game, no matter who was the Declarer.

. . . . .

This, it is true, would alter the character of Auction considerably. It would kill the flag-flier to know that the result of his bidding might be to present the adversaries with the game.

Another idea is to graduate the penalties, so as to make it too expensive even for the most incorrigible over-caller to go on. To be one trick shy of your contract is a venial offence, and should be penalised lightly. The player who goes down one trick on his contract does not deserve to be punished at the same rate as the player who goes down four or five or six tricks. The flat rate of 50 points per trick often works out inequitably, and sometimes puts a premium on overcalling. Here is a suggested tariff of penalties. For one trick down 25 points; two tricks, 50 points per trick; three tricks, 100 points per trick; four tricks, 150 points per trick; five or more, 200 points per trick. Doubled, twice their values. Such a scale would scare off the flag-fliers and shorten rubbers materially.

. . . . . .

Here is a hand the interest of which lies in the number and variety of bids made, and in the fact that all three suits called were doubled.

S—None.
H—A, J, 9, 4, 3.
D—K, J, 9, 8, 5, 2.
C—10, 8.

S—K, Q, 4.
H—7.
D—A, Q, 10, 4, 3.
C—K, Q, 5, 2.

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

S—A, J, 7, 3.
H—K, Q, 8.
D—7, 6.
C—J, 9, 7, 3.

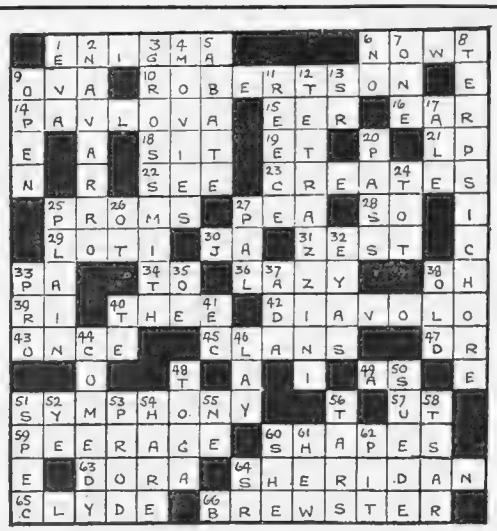
S—10, 9, 8, 6, 5, 2.
H—10, 6, 5, 2.
D—None.
C—A, 6, 4.

Score: Game all. B deals and says "No bid"; Z "No bid"; A "one No-Trumps"; Y "two Diamonds"; B "two Spades"; Z and A "No bid"; Y "three Diamonds"; B and Z "No bid"; A "double three Diamonds"; Y "three Hearts"; B "double three Hearts"; Z "No bid"; A "three Spades"; Y and B "No bid"; Z "double three Spades"; A "three No-Trumps." All pass.

. . . . .

Now, while I should not stigmatise any of the bidding as very bad, I consider both Y and Z showed lack of judgment. Y's bid of "three Diamonds" was on the forward side, and his branch into Hearts when doubled was a leap in the dark. But the worst bid was Z's double of "three Spades." But for this double, the game would have been played in Spades and Y, Z would have saved it easily. As it was they lost the rubber in No-Trumps. This is an excellent illustration of the old precept that you should not make a double if you are not prepared also to double if your opponents switch. Z's hand was useful against a Spade declaration, but worth only one trick against a No-Trumper. It is true he might have expected Y to be stronger, but neither of Y's bids were "free" and both bids had been doubled. Z, therefore, ought not to have relied on Y's usefulness.

How many rubbers are lost by bidding that could have been saved by silence!



The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 8

ABOVE is the correct solution of the eighth Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in our issue of April 1. The names and addresses of our prize-winners (the first five correct answers opened), are given below:—

MRS. STRANGE, 11, Lascelles Terrace, Eastbourne, Sussex.
W. P. COOK, "Woodcroft," Sneyd Park, Bristol.
E. H. CUNNINGHAM, 5, Beresford Terrace, Ayr, Scotland.
MISS C. H. GALE, The Glebe, Sevenoaks, Kent.
MRS. B. KILLINGSWORTH, 18, St. Stephen's Road, Bayswater, W.2.

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Six-Cylinder.

Chassis	£355
7 seater "Monarch" Tourer	£475
"Piccadilly" 2-seater with dickey	£480
"Regent" 5-seater Tourer	£495
7 seater Saloon	£675
Imperial Limousine (enclosed drive)	£715

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A STITCH IN TIME

SOME DOGGY HINTS.

By "THE KENNELMAN"

TO-MORROW, Thursday, brings the big one-day Show of the K.C.S. at the Holland Park Rink: a spacious and accessible venue: one of the most interesting doggy functions of the year for everyone within easy reach of Town. "The Dog of character"—as some of his champions rather arrogantly call the Bull-Terrier; not but what he deserves it, albeit the same may be said of dozens of other breeds—is to have a regular field day at the Crystal Palace on May 1. Address enquiries to Mr. J. W. Davison, Brighton Road, Horley.

"I am no believer in fussing or coddling," writes a correspondent; "but I do think fanciers and Dog-lovers generally, not to mention the Dogs themselves, may be grateful for your insistence upon prompt and early consultation of the vet. on *first* symptoms of all such troubles as ear-canker, eczema, distemper, and the like. Even considered economically alone, it's vitally important."

The Kennelman has seen many striking examples of this. Delay so often means twenty consultations instead of one or two. In the case of canker, for example, prompt treatment—syringing, cleansing, antiseptic—of the very first signs, often means complete cure within the week; while a week or two's neglect may entail months of suffering for the Dog, and infinite trouble, disappointment and expense for his owners; not to mention acute infection dangers. Therefore, act immediately, directly any ear inflammation is indicated—any shaking of the head, or carrying it with a little cant to port or starboard.

Kennelman is rebuked by another correspondent for his "strange advocacy of kennel life for Dogs accustomed to the freedom of house life." But his withers are unwrung. His commendation was, not of kennel "life," as a substitute for house life, but as a variation, at odd intervals. And he withdraws no word of it. Properly constructed and placed kennels can be very happy and jolly resorts for Dogs, even as dens, studies, smoking-rooms, clubs and the like can be for men. Standing in a southerly-facing enclosure, on dry, sheltered ground, a good range of kennels can be made delightful. On the grand scale, they can include a little hospital or convalescent hydro, a kitchen, and, be it noted, a jolly mixed apartment—harness and trophy room, and gossip-place for human friends, with a book-shelf, wicker chairs, and a stove. Yes, house-bred Dogs can thoroughly enjoy interludes in the right sort of kennels.

The Kennel Club announces substantial reductions, of notable interest to fanciers, exhibitors, Show organisers, etc., in its scale of fees, bringing them down to pre-War cheapness: a pleasing and practical evidence of the first-class efficiency of Mr. H. T. W. Bowell's management. Some months ago, Kennelman ventured to suggest that, the cost of registering a Dog (every good Dog deserves registration at the K.C.) having been reduced to 2*s.* 6*d.*, it might well be accompanied by an extra shilling—or two—to be passed on to the Distemper Research Fund. It is most gratifying to know that this has been acted upon to some purpose—even to the extent of guineas in some cases—and that the Fund has benefited accordingly. Such donations will, one is sure, prove real mascots for the Dogs registered: a first-rate investment for their owners! With the exceptionally full and interesting March issue of *The Kennel Gazette*, by the way, there came also publication of that "Dog-owners' Bible," the *Kennel Club Calendar and Stud Book*, Vol. 52, an invaluably up-to-date canine encyclopædia.

HOW often charm of conversation and a mind at perfect ease go together! Nothing distracts! There's no trace of anxiety about the hat you are wearing—even though it is a new one. You can wear it and forget it. You know its happy suitability—its dignity of style and you are content—for it's a Battersby.

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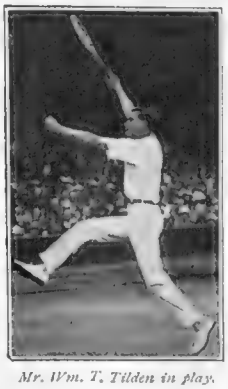

Mr. Wm. T. Tilden in play.

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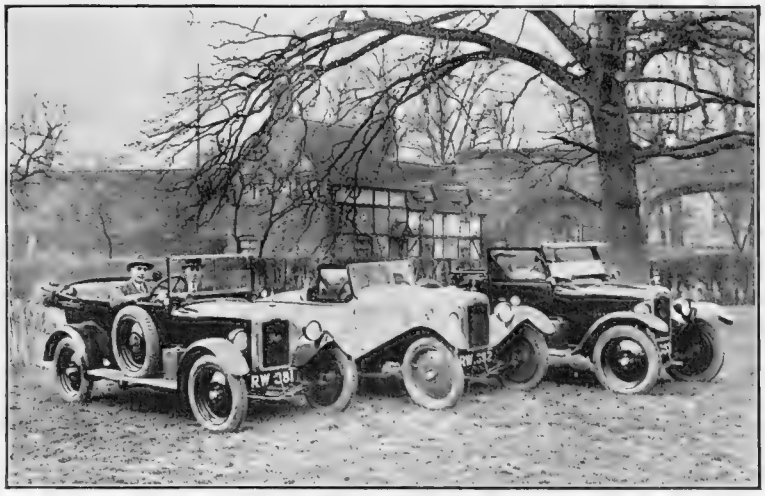
MOTOR NOTES



BEFORE THE RUN

Three of the 9/20 Rover cars which competed in the London to Land's End run at Easter. The new sports model is seen in the centre of the group

So the Easter holidays have passed, and we are all, more or less, trying to settle down to the more ordinary duties of life. This first holiday of the year always makes a most particular difference to the motorist. It marks the definite point of demarcation between just struggling through the winter and looking forward to the summer's motoring. Next Sunday we shall be presented with an extra hour of daylight by our paternal Government, and then motoring will really begin to hum. Summer Time starts on April 19, and on that day the sun will set at 7.2 p.m. (Greenwich time). Add one hour for Summer Time, and the sun will then set at 8.2 p.m. Tail lamps need then not be lit until 8.32 p.m., while the side lamps need not come into action until 9.2 p.m.

* * *

I HAVE just received particulars (in French) of the Grand Week Automobile of Boulogne-upon-Sea, which will take place from August 26 to 30. My rusty knowledge of French must be taken as the reason for any errors I may make in my reference. This meeting is one of the most interesting to British motorists, as the Channel crossing is so short, and the sport is so good. Therefore I pray pardon for any facetiousness which I may inflict on my readers. On the Wednesday all the concurrents (*anglice* competitors) will be weighed. On the Thursday, at half-past eight in the morning, the competitors will proceed for six kilometres in a straight line over hilly country. At 10.30 a.m. they will do a mile hill-climb from a standing start, and at 15h. (or 3 p.m.) there is a half-kilo. hill-climb. At 17h. (or 5 p.m.) there is a stopping and starting test, which will not be held if it is rainy!

AT 16 hours on Friday, August 28, there will be a Concourse of Elegance, of Coachwork and of Comfort. Weighing of the racers for the big events also takes place on the same day. On the Saturday, starting at 9 a.m., is the Grand Prix of Boulogne for voiturettes and light cars. There is also the race for the Cup Pickett and the weighing of the competitors for the Cup Georges Boillot, the race for which takes place on the following day. Truly a week crowded with interest, in which all British sporting motorists should take part.

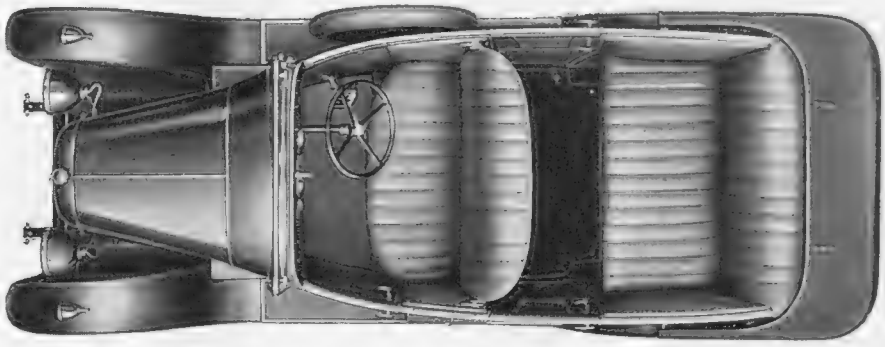
* * *

A WONDERFUL record has just been put up by a gallant Colonel and his wife, riding alternately a 3.46 h.p. Rudge-Whitworth motor-cycle. Taking two hours in the saddle each, they covered 1,300 miles in twenty-four hours on the Montlhéry track, near Paris, averaging over fifty-four miles per hour. In this test it is reported that sixty-three world's records were captured, although this is, naturally, subject to confirmation by the governing body. I am assured that the machine was

(Continued on page 198)

The Car of International Reputation

FIAT



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Torpedo (Sliding Front Seat)	£325
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Coupe (Fixed Head)	£365
Saloon	£375
All-weather	£385
¾ Coupe (English Coachwork)	£470
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Coupe de Ville	£415
15/20 H.P. CHASSIS (Tax £14)	**£310**
Torpedo	£490
¾ Landaulet (English Coachwork)	£660
Saloon (English Coachwork)	£650
Saloon (with Division behind Driver) (English Coachwork)	£660
20/30 H.P. CHASSIS (6-cylinder) (Tax £21)	**£440**
Torpedo (English Coachwork)	£685
Saloon	£900
¾ Landaulet (English Coachwork)	£875
Enclosed Landaulet (English Coachwork)	£915

The Price of the 40 h.p. 6-CYLINDER MODEL remains unaltered:—Chassis (Front Wheel Brakes) (Tax £27) £720

When you look into

the workmanship, design and comfort of the

10/15 h.p. Torpedo £325 (*Tax £11*)

you will endorse the verdict of the greatest motoring authorities "that it represents the most remarkable value ever offered."

Features: Adjustable front seat to ensure driving comfort; Accommodation for five persons; Upholstered in real Antique leather; All-weather equipment; 4 speeds forward and one reverse.

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DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT OF SPORT

Sport goes hand in hand with manliness. In the keenness of its friendly rivalry lies the willingness to acknowledge the victor. Love of fairplay is the mark of sportsmen and hence their readiness to acclaim the supremacy of . . . . . .

DEWAR'S

one of the standard four-valve, four-speed models, and was fitted with an electric lighting set for use after dark. It is truly a wonderful performance by Colonel R. N. Stewart and Mrs. G. M. Stewart.

* * *

THE 20 h.p. Austin at £525 represents extraordinarily good value. I state this as a fact, as I have just had one out, and I have been particularly impressed by its performance. It is true that I complained of the absence of a screen-wiper and a rear mirror, but the wind was completely taken out of my sails when I was told that even these are now fitted as standard! So there you are—a 20 h.p. full-sized five-seater, with all-weather hood, rear-screen, and every gadget anyone could require. The Austin has a nice, large, comfortable engine, which rarely has to exert itself, and as a result it is a particularly good hill-climber on top. The car is no trouble to drive, and in addition it has an excellent system of four-wheel brakes. It is true that they are slightly musical, but they are certainly effective. My advice is: Try an Austin and see how it runs.

* * *

THE Automobile Association is constantly expanding its activities. Its latest development is to open new offices at Newcastle-on-Tyne, at 145, Pilgrim Street. The Lord Mayor of that worthy city performed the ceremony, and drew attention to the important fact that the new office was in the direct line of the new bridge proposed over the Tyne, and was thus on what would in time become the direct route to Scotland. What with its new building in London, its new office in Newcastle, and many other schemes of which I may not yet speak, the A.A. is certainly justifying its membership.

* * *

I ANTICIPATE that motor caravanning will become more popular in the coming season. Excellent two-wheeled caravans can now be obtained, which can be towed by any motor-car. By the use of one of these caravans the motorist is set free from all the worry of hotels, and motor touring can be carried out as economically and as pleasantly as possible. Many would take up motor caravanning, but they have hitherto been prevented from doing so owing to the cost of the trailer. It is now possible to hire caravans for short or long periods. The firm specialising in this work is the Holiday Caravan Co., Ltd., of Woodstock Road, Oxford. The cost of hire naturally varies according to the size of the caravan, but the eight-feet model, fully equipped, can be hired at prices ranging from £2 10s. to £4 10s. a week. The caravans are made of ash and oak, and of polished plywood covered outside with painted canvas. An average speed of 20 m.p.h. is quite easily maintained over good roads, while a safe maximum with the trailer is about 30 m.p.h. All the trailer caravans are fitted with a positive automatic brake. As regards the cost of caravanning, it may be mentioned that for four people for three weeks in August, the total cost per head, per week, is just over 50s., this including the hire of the caravan, insurance, provisions, and sundries.

GEORGE C. STEAD

IN THE AUVERGNE

Beside the Allier river between Clermont and Le Puy in the Auvergne Mountains. The car is a 30/98 h.p. Vauxhall

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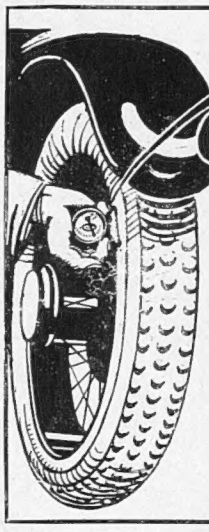

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before you start may save hours of trouble on the road, for equal inflation means easy steering, less vibration, greater comfort, decreased wear and tear, not only on tyres, but on the whole car.

A simple pressure of the TRIATIRE on the tyre side, without disturbing valves, risk of losing valve caps, or soiling the fingers, shows at a glance if your tyre inflation is O.K.

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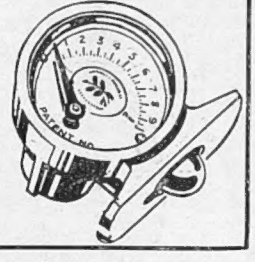

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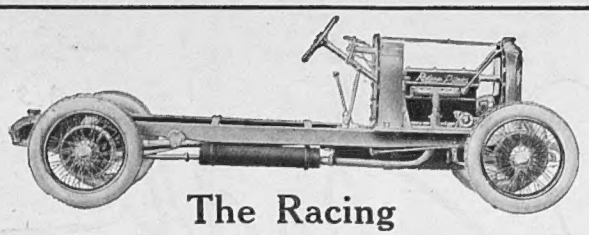
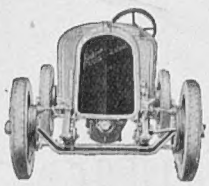


The Racing Car



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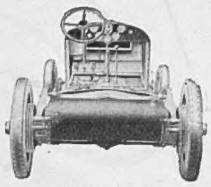

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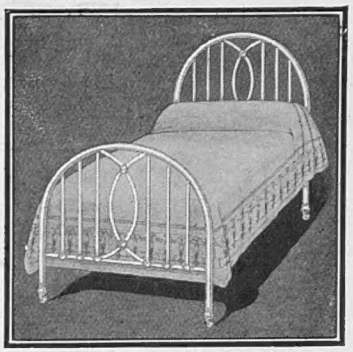

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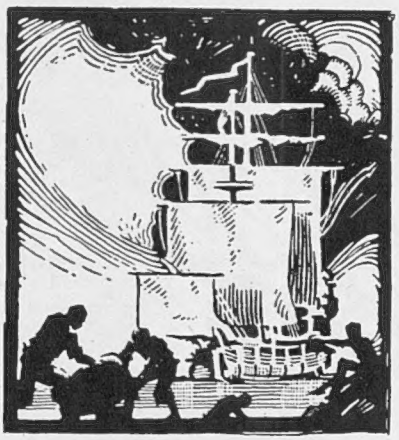

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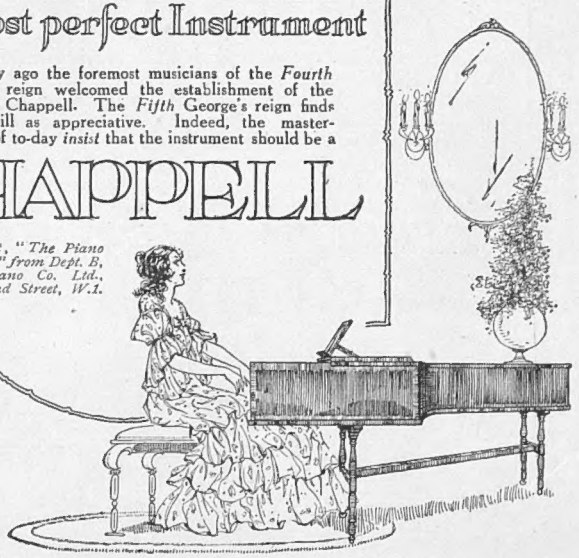

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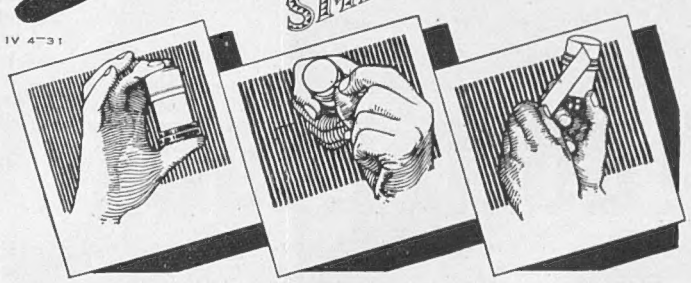

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